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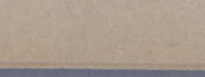
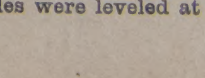
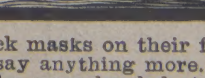
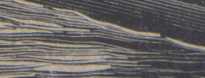
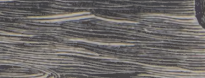
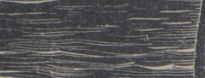
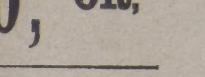
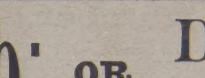
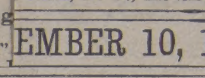
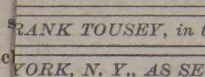
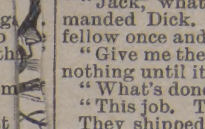
DAYS

FRANK CHAS. KNIGHT
Novels, Bought and Sold
Books - Exchanged
BELLPHONE, RIDGE 340 N.

night is over."
"What do you mean?"
"What I say."
"Where do you want us to go?"
"You know the old fort down the bay?"
"Of course."
"Well, that's it."
"You must be crazy!"
"Not much! You're mixed up in all this muddle, Dick Dashwell, and I've given you the chance to learn the truth. Take it or leave it, just as you please."
"Say, Dick," whispered Tom, "let's go."
"Won't you explain?" demanded Dick.
"No," replied Jack, coolly. "It's go or stay. This is the last call."
"Do you mean to say that Clint Tibbetts—"
"I don't mean to say anything. Is it go or stay?"
"But—"
"Good-night; I'm off, fellows."
Jack began to descend the ladder forthwith.
"Go, Dick! Let's go!" exclaimed Tom.
"He may know something."

MYSTERY AT THE OLD FORT.

"SCUTTLED by Jove! I knew it!" murmured Dick.
They had turned the Lily bottomward, and Dick Dashwell was bending over her.
"Scuttled and plugged!" he said again.
"By thunder! I wish I knew who the traitor was that played it on us like this!"
It was so.
Under one of the seats, in the bottom of the boat, was a large augur hole.
It seemed incredible to Dick that he should not have seen it.
Plugged it must have been when they started the race.
But who had pulled the plug out, and caused the boat to sink?
"It was Joe Little who sat there," Tom, dryly.
"I can't believe Joe would do such a thing," murmured Dick.
"All the same it was Joe who first gave the alarm," said Jack.
"How in thunder do you know?"



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No. 4

The Boss of the Boat Club; OR, DICK DASHWELL'S SCHOOLDAYS.

BY FRANK FORREST.



Three men suddenly bounced out of the engine-room. They wore black masks on their faces and carried rifles in their hands. "Holy smoke! Sold out!" gasped Jack. But there was no time to say anything more. "Throw up your hands or you're goners!" shouted one, as all three rifles were leveled at the astonished boys.

FRANK CHAS. KNIGHT
Novels, Bought and Sold
Books - Exchanged

The Boss of the Boat Club.

By FRANK FORREST.

CHAPTER IV.
THE ARREST.

"DICK DASHWELL forever!"
 "Three cheers for Dick Dashwell!"
 "Hooray!"
 "Hooray!"
 "Hooray!"
 Hats went up and handkerchiefs were waved.

The woods back of Baymouth Academy echoed with the shouts.
 Dick Dashwell, who stood at the head of the steps leading up to the big front door of the Academy, bowed to the assembled crowd.

He tried to speak.
 But no one heard.
 The cheering kept right up.
 For now Captain Hodges, the president of the Baymouth Humane Society, came forward and addressed the company.
 "Ladies and gentlemen—boys and girls, silence for a moment, please!"
 Silence followed.

All eyes were fixed upon Captain Hodges.
 Taking from his pocket a small morocco case, the captain opened it and produced a handsome gold medal, with pin attachment.

"My friends," began Captain Hodges, "you are all aware that the Baymouth Humane Society is one of the oldest institutions in the State of Connecticut."

"Many of you perhaps are not aware that as president of said society, I am obliged by its rules to bestow upon such persons as may be chosen by vote of our body the society medal for BRAVERY—FOR COURAGE! For saving human life at personal risk!"

As he spoke, the captain's voice grew louder and louder—such was his custom—and now as he held up the medal so that all could see it, he fairly roared:

"And I now, by unanimous vote of the society, bestow this medal upon Dick Dashwell for the greatest exhibition of bravery this town has ever known, in saving the life of Miss Lily Trueman on the occasion of the fire one week ago!"

Whereupon Captain Hodges pinned the medal upon the lapel of Dick's coat.

"Hooray!"
 "Hooray!"
 "Hooray!"

Once more the woods rang with wild cheers.

"Dick Dashwell forever!"
 "Hooray for Dick Dashwell!"
 "Hooray!"
 "Hooray!"
 "Hooray!"

Then the assemblage broke up quietly.
 Captain Hodges and the ladies and gentlemen of the Humane Society, who had driven over from Baymouth to witness the presentation ceremonies, got into their carriages and drove away.

The boys of Baymouth Academy scattered, and went about their usual afternoon games.

Dick Dashwell, quite overcome by the honor which had been bestowed upon him—and it was entirely unexpected—took Tom Crocker's arm and walked down toward the boat house, as soon as he could get away from his school fellows, who pressed around to shake his hand.

"Too bad you didn't come in for your share, old fellow," said Dick, as they walked along.

"Pshaw! I'm entitled to nothing!" was Tom's reply.

"Indeed you are!"
 "Not at all. Did I dash into the burning house, and—"

"You did."

"Yes, but only to get as far as the stairs, when I had to give it up, and turn back."

"That's because your lungs ain't as strong as mine."

"Now come, Dick! You did it, and I didn't. That's all there is about it. Let's go down and take a spin in the Lily. You know the trial race comes off to-morrow afternoon."

"I'm with you there."

"Did you notice how shady Clint Tibbetts kept through the whole of it?"

"Yes."

"Not a word to say."

"Now don't you say any more, Tom. I can't and won't believe that Clint had anything to do with the firing of the mill."

"All the same his father is the gainer by it, and Mr. Trueman is a ruined man they say," muttered Tom.

And as this remark requires some explanation, we may as well pause for a moment and explain.

A week had passed since the fire. It had been an exciting week for Baymouth.

Since we have taken this method of detailing the successful termination of Dick Dashwell's bold action, we need only add that Lily Trueman was brought safely out of the burning house.

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COUPON No. 3

WILL APPEAR

In the Next Number.

We might have described this more particularly, but where would have been the use when it was all over in a moment and Dick came dashing out the door with the unconscious girl in his arms.

Spreading from the house to the hosiery mill the fire proved to be a very serious matter.

Before it could be controlled the plant was more than half consumed.

But where all this time was Mr. Trueman?

No one knew.
 Lily was conveyed to the house of one of her relatives.

There was no one else in the burning building.

The family consisted only of the manufacturer and his daughter.

As it afterward transpired the servants were all absent, having gone to a dance at the other end of town.

At first rumor had it that Mr. Trueman had lost his life in the fire.

But Lily, upon recovering consciousness, stated that her father had gone to New York in the midnight train on important business and knew nothing of the affair.

By noon next day Mr. Trueman was back again.

He appeared among his fellow townsmen calm and collected, in spite of the great loss he had sustained, and in spite of certain ugly rumors which were beginning to go the rounds.

As to the origin of the fire, Mr. Trueman had no explanation to offer, but others offered it for him as will be seen.

After the excitement was over that night, Dick Dashwell and Tom started back for the school.

They had plenty of company.

Prof. Wiseman and all the scholars and under-teachers had long before appeared on the scene.

But Clint Tibbetts, Pete Mulford and Dan Burling, were not among the rest.

They turned up next morning at prayers, however.

Not a word was said by Dick and Tom about their midnight adventure.

Dick could not and would not believe that his school fellow, although his enemy, could have had anything to do with the burning of the mills.

And with this brief explanation, entirely necessary to the development of our story, we return to Dick Dashwell and Tom Crocker, whom we left walking toward the boat-house after Dick's unexpected triumph just described.

The Lily was promptly run out, and in a few moments Dick and Tom were spinning down the bay.

Never had the Lily made such a splendid run as on that afternoon.

It seemed to Dick impossible that she could be beaten in the coming race for place.

But this was something soon to be decided.

The next day was Saturday.

The day fixed for the second trial race.

Once more the bay was alive with boats, and the shore crowded with an enthusiastic throng.

Col. Tibbetts was there.

Mr. Trueman was there.

Prof. Wiseman was there, full of kindly enthusiasm in spite of the fact that the irate magnate had made good his threat and already served notice of foreclosure proceedings against the academy.

The start was made amid loud cheers.

The Dolphin led for the first quarter of a mile.

But only by a boat's length.

This was part of Dick Dashwell's plan.

"Let them tire themselves out, boys, we'll hold back for the finish," Dick had said to his crew.

"Drive her for all you're worth when I give the word!"

It came at last!

"Lily! Lily! Lily!" shouted Dick, sud-

A LOT OF MONEY IN A LITTLE.

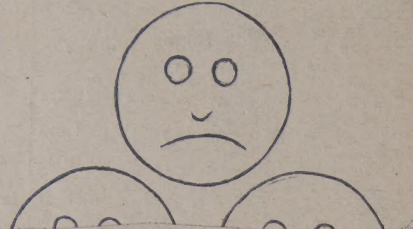
Here is a Chance to Make Money.

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\$25.00 " " 2nd Funniest.

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 34 and 36 North Moore Street, N. Y.

denly, as wild cheering for the Dolphin began on shore.

This was the signal.

Never had such rowing been seen at Baymouth as was witnessed now.

On flew the Lily, "as though she had been shot out of a gun," to use Tom's expression.

She moved past the Dolphin as though the rival shell had been standing still.

Be very sure that Dick kept far enough away from his rival this time to prevent the possibility of the old trick.

"Three cheers for the Lily!"

"Hurrah for Dick Dashwell!"

The cheers from the shore were fairly deafening as the stern of Lily cleared the bow line of the Dolphin.

But the goal was still a few rods away.

"Keep it up, boys! Keep it up!" cried Dick.

"Don't go to sleep now whatever you do!"

On they flew.

But only for a few seconds.

Suddenly Joe Little gave a sharp cry.

"By gum, she's sinking, Dick!"

"Something's burst!" yelled Sam Singleton in the same breath.

"The Lily's going down!"

"Treachery! This is Clint's work!"

shouted Tom Crocker.

And it was a bad job for the winning boat whose ever's work it was.

Suddenly and without apparent cause the shell began to settle.

From some unknown break the water was rushing in.

Dick, with one quick glance, saw the danger.

"Save yourselves, fellows—save yourselves! She's bound to go!" he shouted.

But even then the warning was too late.

For the next the crowd saw was the Lily's crew struggling in the water.

The shell had vanished.

She had dropped to the bottom of the bay like a stone.

And the Dolphin, never pausing, shot on to the goal.

Fortunately not a boy among Dick Dashwell's crew could not swim.

They struck out for the wharf and were climbing up on one side almost before the last of the Dolphin's boys had come up on the other.

The crowd was there to meet them.

The wharf was fairly thronged.

"Dolphin forever! Hooray for Clint Tibbetts!" yelled a voice in the crowd.

The response was faint.

Mr. Trueman, referee on this occasion, shouted:

"I award the race to the Lily. It had been fairly won before she sank!"

"You—who are you?" demanded Col. Tibbetts, offensively, elbowing his way to the front.

"I fancy you know me," replied Mr. Trueman, mildly.

"At all events I happen to be referee of this race."

"And I happen to be chairman of the selectmen of this town!" roared the colonel.

"Captain Conover, do your duty. There's your man!"

What was all this?

Breathless silence seemed suddenly to have fallen upon the crowd as Captain Conover, the constable, pushed his way to the front.

"Mr. Trueman, you are wanted for arson!" cried the constable, taking the manufacturer by the arm.

"You are charged with firing the Baymouth Hosiery Mills. I arrest you in the name of the law!"

CHAPTER V.

JACK.

"HARK!"

"What is it?"

"Someone tapping on the window!"

"Nonsense! How can anyone be tapping on the window unless he's standing on the air?"

"All the same I heard it, Dick Dashwell. There now. What do you say to that? There it goes again!"

Dick sprang out of bed.

Tom was already on the floor.

For it was after midnight now.

Midnight of the day of the second trial race and Mr. Trueman's arrest.

It was the end of a day of excitement such as Baymouth had never known.

It was after ten when our young friends in No. 11 retired, and after eleven before either of them fell asleep.

Twelve o'clock had just rung out from Baymouth church steeple when Tom was aroused by the tapping on the glass.

"What can it be?" said Dick sleepily.

"I thought I heard something, but—"

But Dick had not time to get to the window before the sash was suddenly flung up and a boy's head was thrust into the room.

Dick and Tom started back in amazement.

The face which looked at them was not a handsome one.

It was a long face covered with many freckles; a small, firm mouth, bright twinkling black eyes, and very red hair completes the description.

It was a face the boys knew, but though belonging to one they had never even spoken to, was the face of a fellow student for all that.

"Hello, there, what in thunder do you want?" demanded Dick, in no very pleasant voice.

"You!" breathed the boy outside the window with a curious chuckle.

"I want you, Dick Dashwell, and you too, Tom Crocker. Come here!"

"Cool upon my word!" said Dick.

And it was.

This boy was Jack Ring.

He was the last entered pupil in Baymouth Academy.

In fact it was now only three days since he had taken his place among the students.

So far as Dick Dashwell had thought of him at all, he had set Jack Ring down for an exceedingly quiet boy.

For Jack Ring had spoken to nobody unless spoken to, and few had spoken to him.

All that the boys knew of him was that he had come from New York, and was, so far as his recitations showed, about the dullest boy they had ever seen.

"Cool or not, if you don't come here you'll regret it!" breathed Jack now.

Dick and Tom went to the window.

"Look there!" said Jack, who was standing on the topmost round of the very ladder the boys had used on a certain night long to be remembered, to scale the wall which surrounded the academy grounds.

"By thunder! It's Clint Tibbetts at his tricks again!" whispered Dick.

There were bed clothes hanging from the window of No. 10.

Dick, who had managed to get back to the dormitory on the night of the fire in time to pull in his own bed clothes before they were discovered, was interested, of course.

But Tom Crocker said nothing.

Tom let Dick do all the talking that night.

"That's what's the matter," said the new boy. "I happened to hear them going out. Thought I'd let you know."

"What room are you in?" asked Dick.

"No. 9."

"How did you get out?"

"Dropped to the ground. It's nothing. Say, fellows, do you want to know who set fire to the Baymouth mills?"

"Do we want to know?" breathed Dick.

"Why, of course we do; but you can't tell us."

"Can't I?"

"What nonsense. Of course you can't."

"I'll bet you five dollars I can if you'll

come with me and trust me fully till this night is over."

"What do you mean?"

"What I say."

"Where do you want us to go?"

"You know the old fort down the bay?"

"Of course."

"Well, that's it."

"You must be crazy!"

"Not much! You're mixed up in all this muddle, Dick Dashwell, and I've given you the chance to learn the truth. Take it or leave it, just as you please."

"Say, Dick," whispered Tom, "let's go."

"Won't you explain?" demanded Dick.

"No," replied Jack, coolly. "It's go or stay. This is the last call."

"Do you mean to say that Clint Tibbetts—"

"I don't mean to say anything. Is it go or stay?"

"But—"

"Good-night; I'm off, fellows."

Jack began to descend the ladder forthwith.

"Go, Dick! Let's go!" exclaimed Tom.

"He may know something."

"Hold on—we'll go!" called Dick.

"Come on, then," replied Jack. "I'll wait for you down here."

Once determined the boys lost no time in dressing.

Not a word was spoken until they found themselves on the other side of the wall, the ladder having been carried across the yard.

"You'll catch rats for this, young fellow, if you've been fooling us," breathed Dick, as they started down the hill.

"Don't fret yourself, I know what I am about," was the answer.

"Are you really going to the old fort?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"In the Lily!"

"Don't be a fool!" snapped Dick, stopping short.

"Come on, and don't you begin kicking."

"But the Lily is at the bottom of the bay?"

"Is she?"

"Don't you know it? I saw you on the wharf this afternoon!"

"Come on! Come on!"

Jack started to run then.

Dick and Tom followed him.

They never stopped till they reached the boat house at the bottom of the hill.

"Look in there!" breathed Jack.

The door of the boat-house was open.

This was unusual.

Dick struck a match and peered in.

"By Jove! the Dolphin's out!" he exclaimed.

Jack chuckled.

"You see now I'm no fool!" he said.

"But what in thunder—"

"Hold up! Do you know a night glass when you see one?"

"That's one sure!" exclaimed the astonished Dick.

For Jack had taken a glass from his pocket.

"Look off on the bay there—there by Bean Island!" he said, placing the glass in Dick's hand.

"I see them without the glass!" breathed Tom. "By gracious, it's the Dolphin!"

"It is! upon my word, it is!" said Dick, leveling the glass upon the bay.

"Can you make out who is in it?" asked Jack.

"I see three fellows—two pulling, one steering."

"Clint Tibbetts, Pete Mulford and Dan Burling."

"Can't make out."

"How well you know their names," muttered Tom. "One would think you had been with us three years instead of three days."

"It don't take me three years to turn round!" snapped Jack. "Give me the glass and come on."

"Where to?"

But Jack never answered.

He had started to run along the beach.

Nor did he stop until he had come almost to the wharf—to a point on the beach nearly opposite to where the Lily went down.

A cry of amazement burst from Dick Dashwell long before he reached the spot.

There upon the beach lay a handsome shell drawn up above high water mark.

"It's the Lily! It's the Lily!" he exclaimed.

"Blamed if it isn't!" echoed Tom.

And so it was.

But Dick would not believe it until they had joined Jack at the boat.

"What in the name of wonder does all this mean?" panted Dick.

"It means that there's your boat!" answered Jack, coolly, "and you are going in it with me down the bay."

"Who are you?" demanded Dick, fixing his eyes upon him. "Say, who are you?"

But there was little satisfaction in the answer.

It came in one word.

"Jack!"

CHAPTER VI.

MYSTERY AT THE OLD FORT.

"SCUTTLED by Jove! I knew it!" murmured Dick.

They had turned the Lily bottom upward, and Dick Dashwell was bending over her.

"Scuttled and plugged!" he said again.

"By thunder! I wish I knew who the traitor was that played it on us like this!" It was so.

Under one of the seats, in the bottom of the boat, was a large augur hole.

It seemed incredible to Dick that he should not have seen it.

Plugged it must have been when they started the race.

But who had pulled the plug out, and caused the boat to sink?

"It was Joe Little who sat there," said Tom, dryly.

"I can't believe Joe would do such a thing," murmured Dick.

"All the same it was Joe who first gave the alarm," said Jack.

"How in thunder do you know?" demanded Jack. "You weren't in the Lily when she went down."

"I know."

"How! How! You seem to know everything."

"I know some things, young fellow, but I don't know everything, not by a long chalk."

"Do you know who raised this boat from the bottom of the bay?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Who?"

"I did!"

"You?"

"Yes!"

"Nonsense!"

"Huh! All right. Ask Captain Hodges of the Hercules. He helped me."

Dick could scarcely contain himself.

"When and how did you do this?" he cried.

"Don't make so much noise! The when was an hour ago, just. The how was by diving down and making a line fast to the Lily, and carrying t'other end up to Captain Hodges. The Hercules did the rest."

It was all too much for Dick.

And for Tom too apparently, for he never said a word.

But Jack, the mysterious, was just as cool and active as ever.

He now produced a plug of wood, seized a stone and drove the plug into the hole.

The sweeps were lying beside the boat.

Not the Lily's sweeps, they had been lost, but new ones.

There were three.

Jack tossed them into the shell and shoved her down until her nose was just above the water line.

And this all in a minute while Dick was trying to collect his wits.

"If we're going down the bay after the Dolphin we'd better be moving," Jack said. "We've lost entirely too much time now."

There was something remarkable about Jack.

It seemed altogether impossible to refuse to obey him.

The Boss of the Boat Club was by this time completely carried away by his new found friend.

Instead of holding him at arms length any longer Dick began to get decidedly "chummy."

This, of course, after they had boarded the shell and were spinning down the bay.

"You pull a good oar, Jack," said Dick, as they shot past Bean Island.

"Ought to; I was three years in a boat club?"

"So?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"New York."

"What one?"

"Harlem River Rowing Club."

"Oh!"

"You've heard of it, I suppose?"

"Of course. Look out there, Tom. We don't want to run on the island."

"All right! All right! I'll keep her off, Dick. Never you fear."

"See anything of the other boat, Jack?" Dick asked as they rounded Pine Point, at the end of Bean Island.

"No, I can't."

"Better give Tom the glass and let him have a squint."

The glass was passed to Tom, who was acting as coxswain.

"Strange how we can see with this thing in the night," Tom remarked as he fixed the glass to his eyes.

"That's what it's made for," said Jack.

"Say, old fellow, what do you see? The moon makes it as bright as day, and you ought to be able to make her out even without the glass."

"Blamed if I can see the boat, but I see something else."

"Well?"

"It's a tug just coming round Fort Point."

"Confound it! What does he mean by showing himself before I give the signal?" cried Jack, flying into a sudden rage.

"Who do you mean?" demanded Dick.

"Why, Captain Hodges to be sure."

"Bless my soul! You don't mean to say that's the Hercules?"

"It is the Hercules," said Tom, emphatically. "I know her by the big star on her pipe."

"Jack, what does all this mean?" demanded Dick. "You may as well tell a fellow once and for all."

"Give me the glass!" cried Jack. "I tell nothing until it's done."

"What's done?"

"This job. The glass, Tom! The glass!"

They shipped oars for the moment as Tom passed the glass over to Jack.

The new boy took one long, earnest look and passed the glass back to Tom again.

"It's the Hercules fast enough, and I don't see the shell. Hodges must have gone contrary to orders, but we'll soon know."

"Whose orders?" demanded Dick, who was becoming more and more mystified every moment.

"Mine," replied Jack, shortly. "Pull, fellows! Pull like blazes! The sooner we make the fort the better I shall be pleased."

It was impossible to stand up against him, and clearly useless to question him any further.

On flew the Lily with something like her old speed.

Dick could see without the aid of the glass that the tug had come to a standstill, right abreast of the old fort which stood on a bank some ten feet up from the water's edge, for the night was unusually bright and clear.

"Pull! Pull! Pull! That's the talk! Let her out! Pull! Pull!" Jack cried encouragingly.

"She don't make a particle of water," observed Dick, as they neared the tug.

"Not a bit," said Tom.

"Why should she when she's plugged as tight as a bottle?" said Jack. "Say, Tom, can you make out the fellow at the wheel yet?"

"No—yes!"

"Good! Know him?"

"It's Bill Pool, the regular pilot of the Hercules."

"Then it's all right, I suppose. Pull alongside, Dick."

"They're signaling us," said Tom, as they drew nearer.

"Who?"

"I don't know the fellow. He's standing astern, waving his hat."

"See anything of the shell?"

"No."

"All right; go alongside."

They were there in a few minutes now.

The man still stood in the stern.

"Hercules ahoy! On board the Hercules!" called Jack, in a suppressed voice, which Dick thought could not possibly be heard. But it was, though.

The answer came across the water immediately.

"Come along! We've got 'em! The job's done!"

"Thunder and blazes!" muttered Jack. He seemed very much chagrined.

Without the slightest suspicion of what was to happen, Dick bent himself to his work, and the Lily was soon alongside the tug.

"Throw out your line!" called Jack. "I want to see Captain Hodges!"

The words had no more than left his lips, when three men suddenly bounced out of the engine-room.

They wore black masks on their faces, and carried rifles in their hands.

"Holy smoke! Sold out!" gasped Jack.

But there was no time to say anything more.

"Throw up your hands or you're goners!" shouted one, as all three rifles were leveled at the astonished boys.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JUST THINK OF IT! FROM \$5 TO \$50 FOR ONLY FOUR STROKES OF A PEN.

So successful has been the system of railway post-offices, that it has been extended to the transatlantic steamships. This was begun under Mr. Wanamaker's administration as postmaster-general, but so far mail clerks have only been placed on American ships running to Southampton, and on the German ships that go to Bremen and Hamburg. On each of the vessels of the lines mentioned large state-rooms have been set aside and fitted out for the use of the postal clerks. Big racks of pigeon-holes stand up against the walls, and the mail-pouches hang from stands in the center of the room. In these post-offices the clerks work from eight to ten hours a day during the entire voyage, distributing the mails by cities and states, when coming this way, and by railroad lines when going to Germany. On each ship there is one American clerk, one German clerk, and a German assistant. The American is in charge going eastward, and the German has charge of things coming this way.

A LITTLE FUN.

Teacher (in mineralogy class)—Johnnie, give me the name of the largest known diamond. Johnnie—The ace.

Ada—You are a flat, Freddie—nothing more! Freddie—What else could you expect? You sit on me at every possible opportunity.

"What had the prisoner in his hand when he struck the prosecutor?" asked the judge of a policeman. "I saw nothin' in his hand but his fist, sor," was the reply.

Young Mr. Sissy (to pretty cousin)—Do you know, Maude, that I have all my hats made to order? Pretty Cousin—They are lovely, Charley. I suppose the dealers don't carry such small sizes in stock.

A gentleman lately entered a shop in which were books and various miscellaneous articles for sale and asked the shopman if he had Goldsmith's Greece. "No," said he, "but we have some splendid hair oil."

Angry Customer—Hullo, you waiter! where is that ox-tail soup? Waiter—Coming, sir—half a minute. Customer—Confound you! how slow you are! Waiter—Fault of the soup, sir. Ox-tail is always behind.

Big Man (turning round)—Can't you see anything? Little Man (pathetically)—Can't see a streak of the stage. Big Man (sarcastically)—Well, then, I'll tell you what to do. You keep your eye on me and laugh when I do.

"Wimmin," said Mr. Grogan, "is mighty similar in wain way." "An' fwa't's thot?" inquired Mr. Hogan. "No matter how minny av thim you git acquainted wid, they're all alike in being different from wan another."

Georgie (aged seven, being undressed and put to bed)—I wish I was a Freemason. Mamma—Why, dear! Georgie—Cause papa is so jolly when he comes home from the Lodge, and you let him go to bed without undressing.

Voice from the doorway—"Mary, what are you doing out there?" Mary—"I'm looking at the moon." Voice from the doorway—"Well, tell the moon to go home, and you come into the house. It's half-past eleven."

The doctor—My dear friend, you must give up drinking. Patient—But, doctor, I never drank a drop. Doctor—Then you must give up smoking. Patient—But I don't smoke at all. Doctor—Well, if you have no bad habits to give up I'm afraid I can't help you.

Jack (rapturously)—Now, darling, will you please name the happy day? Minnie (blushing)—Three weeks from Thursday, Jack. Norah, the kitchen maid (through the keyhole)—Av you please, miss, that's a regular day out. Ye'll have to get married in the early part of the wake.

"How much is your fiance worth?" asked the matter of fact girl of her romantic friend. "Oh," replied the latter enthusiastically, "my Fred is worth millions on millions!" "Of course, but I mean how much is he worth in cold cash?" "Well he has fourteen dollars and seven-five cents in the bank."

"Yes," boasted an Englishman in the West. "I have Tudor blood in my veins from my mother's side of the family, and Plantagenet blood from my father's." "Is that so?" said a citizen. "My blood is a little mixed too. My grandfather was a Jersey tenderfoot an' my grandmother a Digger Indian squaw. We're both half-breeds, stranger. Shake!"

INTERESTING ITEMS.

While Mrs. Charles Whiteley, residing a few miles below Woodbury, Pa., was engaged in household duties the other morning she missed her little two-and-a-half-year-old girl, who was playing in the yard. An answer to a call located the child some distance from the house in a clump of grass. When Mrs. Whiteley approached the spot she was horrified to see a large black snake curled up in its lap, and the little one gleefully exclaiming, "See, see!" Every effort to rescue the child was greeted with hisses from the reptile, when frantic cries from the mother brought assistance from a neighbor, who succeeded in killing the snake, which measured over three feet. In its way the little one intimated that it had frequently played with the serpent.

The laying down of mahogany roadways sounds almost like a dream of Oriental magnificence, but it is what the Paris Municipal Council is engaged in at the present moment. A portion of that almost interminable thoroughfare, the Rue Lafayette—that portion nearest to the Eastern of France Railway terminus—has been pulled up, and workmen are laying down blocks of real Brazilian mahogany of a peculiarly fine texture and color. It is confessedly an experiment, as the mahogany is dearer than the woods ordinarily used for the same purpose. Mahogany, however, is not as dear as it used to be. The actual cost of the new roadway will be about \$10 a square meter, which is considerably less than \$10 a square yard. It is hoped that the extra outlay incurred will be more than compensated for by greater durability.

If you wish to take the conceit out of a peacock pull out his tail feathers, and when he finds the glory of his plumage gone he becomes the humblest, most subdued looking bird that walks the earth. A peacock in full feather is so vain and conceited as sometimes to be really troublesome. Not satisfied with squalling at the top of his discordant voice, and with parading himself up and down the walks with expanded plumage, he will attack cats, dogs, and even children, and has been known to seriously injure small boys or girls that were incautious enough to venture within his reach. But plucking his tail feathers causes all his courage to evaporate. He will sneak around the yard like a whipped spaniel, will keep out of sight as much as possible, and you will hear nothing of him and see very little until his plumage has grown again.

Lost at the Pole:

OR,

The Secret of the Arctic Circle.

BY ALBERT J. BOOTH,

Author of "Adrift in the Sea of Grass," "Castaway Castle," "The Boy Privateer Captain," "The Mad Maroon," "A Monte Cristo at Eighteen," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

MISSING EVIDENCE.

"ON board the ship, ahoy!"

"Hullo, who's there?"

"The skipper. Is that you, Phil?"

"Yes."

"We thought you were lost!"

"Well, I'm all right. Hullo, Jack, bring the girls up. Here's the captain come back."

A hail had been suddenly heard from without.

Phil had instantly rushed on deck to answer it.

Jack had followed in a few moments and was already on deck when Phil called to him.

The captain's party had returned and there was great rejoicing.

The two girls needed no calling, for they were on deck close behind Jack, ready to welcome the skipper.

"Well, Phil, my lad," said Captain Underwood, when he had kissed the two girls, and shaken hands with Phil and Jack, "I'm glad to see you safe back on the old ship. I had begun to think that you were lost."

"Jack and I have had many strange adventures, sir," returned Phil, "but we are here still, ready to do our duty to you and the vessel."

"I know you will do that, Phil," said the captain, pressing the young man's hand. "We, too, have had adventures, but let us go below, it is growing colder."

"Didn't you meet Harry?" asked Susie, looking around her.

"Why, the boy did not go with us," spoke up Mr. Springer. "I sent him back."

"Yes, but afterwards he left the ship to go and tell you—"

"Left the ship, when I had requested him to remain? That is not like the boy. There must have been some reason—"

"There was," said Mollie. "He went ashore to obtain assistance. We were attacked by—"

"By Indians?" cried the skipper. "Why we met them, the same party doubtless, and routed them."

"No, it was not by Indians, we have seen no Indians," said Susie, descending the steps; "it was by white men, by some of the crew of this vessel."

"By some of the crew?" exclaimed the girl's father in surprise. "I do not understand."

"There has been a plot to seize the vessel," continued Susie, leading the way to the outer cabin. "Harry discovered it and when we were attacked went for assistance, being able to leave the ship unnoticed."

"You say there was a plot to seize the ship, which my boy overheard?" repeated the second mate. "Who were concerned in it?"

At this moment the mate and Shuttleworth came into the cabin.

Susie looked around, flushed, and said: "The plot was started by Mr. Carpenter, mate of this ship, and in it were the cook, steward, blacksmith, and some others."

"What does this mean, sir?" demanded the captain, turning upon his first officer. "If you have any grievance would it not be better to bring it to me first rather than—"

"I have none," said the mate, "and this story of a mutiny or plot, whatever you may call it, is false from beginning to end."

"The boy overheard Frost and Ringwood and others discussing the affair," said Susie, "and your name was mentioned as that of the organizer of the whole thing."

"Which is news to me, my dear young lady," said the mate, smiling. "Where is the boy, that I may question him?"

"He has not returned."

"Ah, and when he does he will say it was a great joke of his, to get away from the ship and—"

"Mr. Carpenter, my boy is a truthful, obedient lad," said Mr. Springer, interrupting the mate. "If he left the vessel it was for a good reason. If he said that he overheard a plot, it is the truth."

"He did overheard it," said Mollie, "and came and told us about it. More than that,

we were attacked and had to defend ourselves."

"You did not see the men who attacked you?"

"No, but we heard them, and knew that—"

"The skipper has spoken of meeting Indians," said the mate. "It was doubtless they who attacked the ship, and the men were trying to escape from them, and you shut them out. Where are they now? Where are your mutineers?"

"They are gone, sir," said Phil, answering for Susie. "We found the two young ladies alone on the vessel when we returned."

"And the men's lives have been sacrificed to the whims of a couple of hysterical girls and a mischievous boy," declared the mate, angrily. "Some of our best men, too, and at a time when we need—"

"It is possible that the men were fleeing

seems to be directed as much against me as against the ship, and I am ready to face these men at any time and dare them to prove their accusations."

"Perhaps Harry will be able to give you the proofs you wish when he returns," said Susie.

"I have no doubt that he will prove to the satisfaction of all," said the mate quietly, "that I had no hand in this affair."

"I sincerely trust that he will," added the captain.

"And if the meddlesome, eavesdropping brat ever does return," muttered Carpenter when he was alone, "it will be my fault. He knows too much already, and if I don't get rid of him he will do me a mischief yet."

CHAPTER XVII.

A SUSPICIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE.

"WELL, I guess Harry will come back,"

"She hoisted her black flag and chucked two or three dozen niggers overboard, so's to lighten her and come after us a-flyin', but she couldn't catch us no more'n nothin', when I said to the old man that we'd better wait and let her come up."

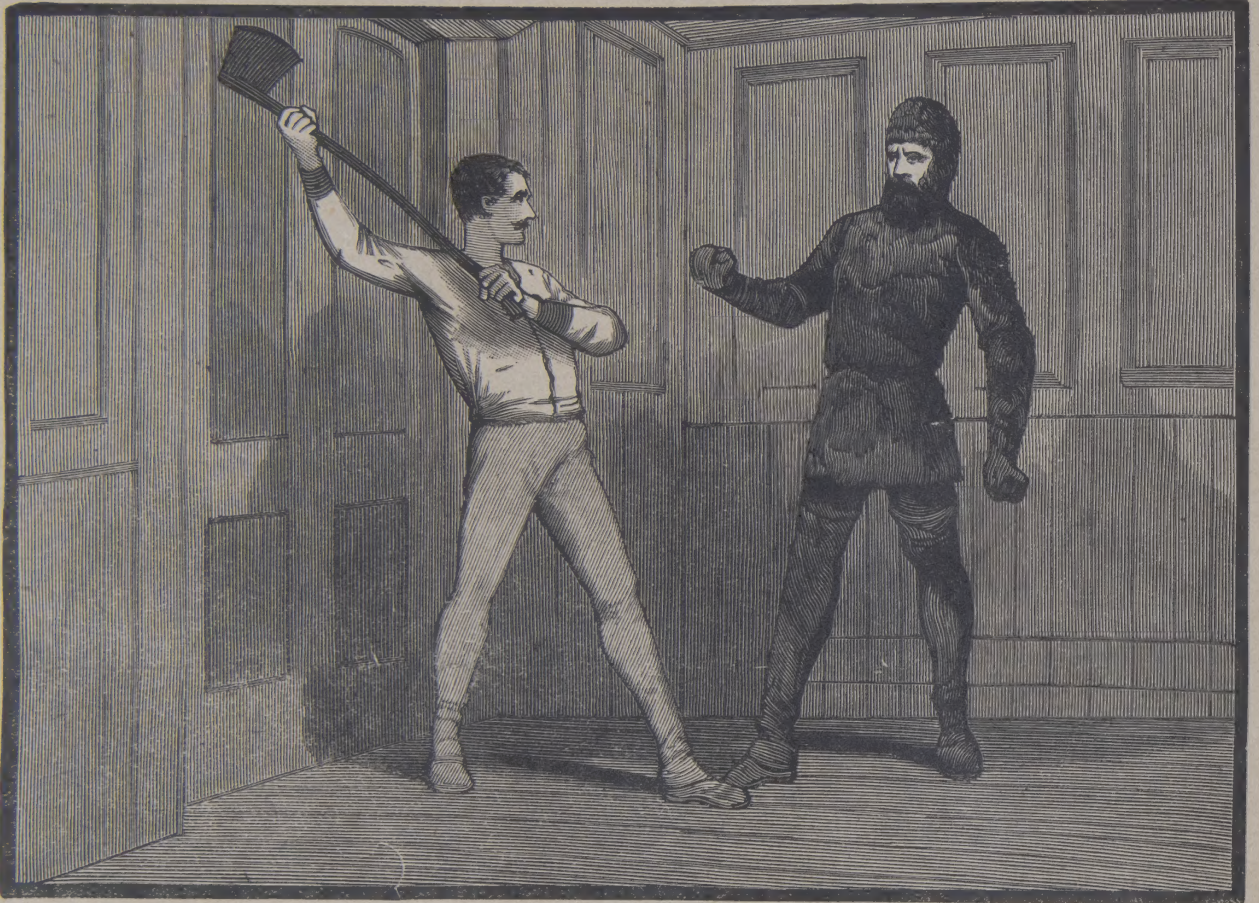
"You see I was just ready for a fight, and I reckoned that if we waited for the critter to catch up to us, that we'd have one, and I was dyin' for it, as I was a great fighter in them days and wasn't—"

"If lyin' makes a man fat, I ain't a bit surprised at your bein' such a porpoise, Ben Skuttles," interrupted Mr. Dodge.

"Just you wait, you ain't telling this story," said Ben.

"No, I ain't, and I don't tell no such bare-faced lies as them. Just now you said the slaver could go three miles to your two, didn't you?"

"Certain; but that was before we shifted our course. We was goin' toward her, first off."



THE MATE TURNED AND FACED PHIL, A LOOK OF RAGE ON HIS DARK COUNTERTENCE. "HOW DARE YOU?" HE BEGAN. "STAND ASIDE, OR I'LL—" "REMAIN WHERE YOU ARE," SAID PHIL, FIRMLY, THE AX UPRaised. "IF YOU ATTEMPT TO PASS, YOU ARE A DEAD MAN!"

from the savages when the cabin doors were barred against them," said the captain, "but they had already plotted against the safety of the ship and were seeking to carry out orders given by you when—"

"On what authority do you say they were my orders, sir?" asked the mate, quietly.

"On the strength of the information given by my daughter. If Harry Springer says that there was a plot, and that you were concerned in it, he speaks the truth. I have as much confidence in the boy as his father has, and I know that he would sooner die than tell a lie!"

"It is not a question of the boy's veracity, sir," answered Mr. Carpenter, sitting down and speaking in a perfectly free and unconstrained manner. "I believe the boy to be truthful myself, and he may have overheard, doubtless did overhear, just what he reported to the young ladies."

"Well," said the captain, "is not that the same as—"

"There may have been a plot and my name may have been bandied about," interposed the mate, "but those who did it acted upon their own responsibility and told lies when they said I was with them. They probably knew that the boy was listening to them and purposely put him on the wrong scent."

"Why, you could never accuse Mr. Carpenter of doing anything to hurt the ship," said the third mate. "Every one knows him to be a most efficient officer, and one who has the interest of—"

"It is not necessary to sing my praises, Shuttleworth," interrupted the chief conspirator, giving his ally a significant look. "I give you my word, sir," he added, turning to the captain, "that I know nothing whatever of this dastardly plot, which

said Ben Skuttles, the fat harpooner, as he sat with Mr. Dodge, Joe Dobbs, the two young fellows and Mr. Springer in the outer cabin, the others having retired, "cause he's a plucky little feller, and it ain't easy to scare him—just like I was when I was a boy."

"You see, I didn't always use to be as fat as I am now, and I was better lookin' too, but I wasn't any more scared at things than I be now, and maybe I'd rush at danger a little more, not knowin' so much; and that puts me in mind of something that happened to me."

Jim Dodge, the tall ship-keeper, uttered a grunt and proceeded to light his pipe.

"Wall, you see," continued Ben, "it was when I was in the schooner Flying Fish, bound down the Guinea coast, that this 'ere thing happened and any one what was there can tell you the same thing."

At this point Mr. Dodge gave another grunt and puffed sturdily at his pipe.

"As I was sayin', we was runnin' down the Guinea coast in the Flying Fish, when out from the shore comes a slaver, armed to the teeth and looking mighty dangerous."

"Slavers was pirates as well, in them days, and when our old man seen that feller, he began to feel skittish and ordered up more sail, though we had on all we could carry and was goin' like a race horse."

"The slaver hadn't so much canvas on her as we had, but she could go three miles to our two with what she had, and we knowed that if she h'isted more she could haul up on us in no time."

"Well, our old man he couldn't put on no more sail, but he shifted the course a bit so's we got a better wind, and then we went spinnin' and gained on the critter behind us like all possessed."

Jack laughed and the ship-keeper got red in the face.

"That does put a different aspect on it, doesn't it, Jim?" asked Phil.

"No, it don't," retorted Dodge. "It makes him out more of a liar than ever. I was on the Flying Fish with you, you fat lubber, and—"

"Wall, yes, so you was, now I come to think of it, but—"

"And there hadn't been no slavers nor pirates nor nothin' like 'em in twenty years, and you wouldn't remember 'em, anyhow, you fat—"

"Are you tellin' this story or be I?" asked Ben.

"You're tellin' a big lie that's what, but I ain't going to sit here and—"

"There's nothin' against your standing, Jim," chuckled Ben.

"No, nor I ain't goin' to stand and listen nuther to sech lies. You know there wasn't no slavers run across us when we was on the Flying Fish and—"

"You was down in your bunk asleep, and didn't see it," said Ben doggedly. "They was lots of things you let go by you that way."

"And do you mean to tell me," said Dodge growing more red in the face, as his anger arose, "that you mean to stick to that lie o' yours and—"

"It ain't no lie, and if you wasn't jealous of me you'd say the same," said Ben. "I tell true yarns and not snortin' big whoppers like you do, Jim Dodge, and I ain't a scared of—"

"Never mind, Ben," said Jack. "Go on and finish your story. I think it's first class."

"H'm, I dunno the rest of it now," said Ben. "I've forgot what we did, arguin' with that feller there."

"Of course you've forgot," laughed

Dodge, scornfully, "cause the hull business was a lie, that's why. I'd be 'shamed to tell such yarns myself."

"Go on, finish it up," said Jack, wishing to see more fun.

"No, I won't! Not so long as Jim's around anyhow."

"I'm going to turn in," said Phil. "Come ahead, Jack. We've both had excitement enough to-day not to desire any more."

"I guess you're right," said Jack, whose berth adjoined Phil's, and the two young fellows went away together.

The air had grown suddenly very much colder since the arrival of the captain, and Phil did not remove as much of his clothing as usual when going to bed.

Clad in a complete suit of warm wool, over a thinner suit of silk, and wearing heavy socks, he covered himself up, and felt none too warm, the cold seeming to penetrate through the stout planks, protected as they were by a thick banking of moss and a foot or two of snow outside that.

The young man was soon asleep, but it did not seem a long time before he awoke with a strange feeling of unrest oppressing him.

"I don't believe anything is the matter," he mused, as he half raised himself in bed leaning on his elbow. "I don't hear anything and some one is on watch of course."

He stretched himself out again and had just closed his eyes when he heard a voice say:

"They are all asleep, and it'll be the easiest thing in the world."

In a moment Phil had sprang lightly out of bed.

He had recognized the mate's voice. Instantly he seemed to know that mischief was afoot.

Hurrying to Jack's bunk, he seized his chum by the shoulder and shook him violently.

Jack did not awaken, or even make a sound as of being disturbed.

"Jack, old man, wake up! There's trouble!" whispered Phil, in the other's ear. There was not the slightest response from Jack, who lay in a most profound sleep.

"All right, you go that way. I'll go this and the business is done in a minute."

Filled with a most unaccountable dread, the young sailor ran along the passage and threw open the door leading to the outer cabin.

There he saw Mr. Carpenter in a full suit of fur, standing by the door which led to the companionway and the deck.

The doors were open and the mate, with his back to Phil, was speaking to some one on deck.

"Make sure of them all," he was saying, "and then come below and—"

Without waiting to hear more, Phil dashed forward and gave the mate a push which sent him reeling against the partition.

In an instant he had closed the doors leading to the deck.

Then he seized an ax resting in cleats on the forward bulkhead and stood with his back against the doors.

The mate turned and faced Phil, a look of rage on his dark countenance.

"How dare you?" he began. "Stand aside, or I'll—"

"Remain where you are," said Phil, firmly, the ax upraised. "If you attempt to pass, you are a dead man!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE MATE DISGRACED.

"How dare you threaten me, you impudent young cub?" snarled Mr. Carpenter, clenching his fist but not stepping forward.

"Because you are at some fiendish work which I mean to prevent!"

"Nothing of the sort. I was speaking to the man on watch."

"To your man on watch, you mean; to your miserable tool and creature, Shuttleworth! Hallo, captain, Jim, Ben, everybody!"

"Curse you, Phil Farnsworth!" hissed the mate, with the look of a fiend on his face. "You've thwarted me once, but you'll do so no more!"

Drawing a knife from the breast of his coat the man rushed at Phil with the evident intention of cutting him down.

Phil caught the blow on the ax blade and sent the knife flying across the room.

"Another step and I will kill you!" said Phil, in a low, determined tone. "I know your purpose now and will prevent it at every hazard!"

The mate fell back, glaring and grinding his teeth in impotent fury.

In an instant a door was thrown open and the captain half dressed came out.

Mr. Springer followed him closely, both men being greatly surprised at what they saw.

"I demand protection!" said the mate. "This mutinous scoundrel threatens my life."

"Call all hands, sir, if you please!" said Phil. "This man and his accomplice, Shuttleworth, have been at some devil's work which I may not have prevented after all."

"The fellow lies!" cried Carpenter. "I have going the round of the ship to see that all is safe."

"What did you mean by telling your confederate to make sure of them all?" asked Phil.

"I have nothing to say to you!" sneered the mate.

"Then tell me what you meant?" said the captain.

"I meant that Mr. Shuttleworth should see that all the doors were—"

"It's all right, old man, and they won't trouble us long," called the third-mate, from the deck.

"Open the door, Phil," said the captain, "and go and get on your clothes."

Phil threw open the doors, and then, as a blast of cold air came rushing down from the deck, he ran off to his room.

"What is all right, Mr. Shuttleworth?" asked Captain Underwood. "Please come down and explain."

"The old man!" gasped the third mate, now half way down the steps.

"You evidently did not expect to see me, did you?"

"Oh, yes, certainly. I thought you'd be here. Oh, yes," stammered Shuttleworth, a look of guilt on his face.

"Remain here a moment, Mr. Springer," said the captain. "I am afraid that something is indeed wrong, as Phil said."

Then he hurried on deck, and found that the galley door and all the doors leading to the men's apartments had been left open.

Hurriedly arousing the men, Dodge and Ben sleeping forward to keep a better look-out on the comfort of the ship, the skipper bade them see that everything was fast, and that there were no more doors left open to let in the bitter air and endanger all their lives.

Then returning to the cabin he said to the third mate:

"Was it a part of your plans, sir, to make the ship unfit to live in, or to freeze the men in their bunks at once?"

"I don't know what you are talking about," blustered the other. "I didn't leave the doors open."

"You accuse yourself," said the captain, quietly. "I did not say anything about leaving doors open."

Phil came running back to the cabin at this moment, and said:

"The after cabin doors were open, sir, but I closed them. The stove in the steerage was nearly red hot, and if it had not been discovered might have set the ship on fire."

"Mr. Carpenter," said the captain, "I do not know what part you have played in this affair, but I suspect it is an important one. You are no longer an officer on this—"

"And am I to be disgraced on the accusation of a common sailor who—"

"Not a common sailor, but a most uncommon one—one who thinks of the safety of his ship and his captain more than he does of his own. This is not the first suspicious circumstance that has happened, Mr. Carpenter, and I am afraid that I should have investigated the others more closely."

"I don't know what you mean," said the mate. "That fellow" with a sneer, "threatened my life."

"Because it was of less importance than the safety of the ship. Quite right. I would have done the same thing."

"Oh, very well. I see that you are prejudiced and won't listen to reason," said the mate, turning and walking toward his room. "There can be no justice done me, I see plainly."

Susie Underwood appeared in the cabin at this moment.

"Be careful how you demand justice, Mr. Carpenter," she said. "You might get more than you expect. When Harry Springer comes back he may be able to enlighten you more than I can on that point."

"Curse the brat! I hope he never will come back!" hissed Carpenter, as he left the cabin, followed by his satellite, Shuttleworth.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HAVE YOU TRIED TO MAKE A FUNNY FACE FROM THE CIRCLE PRINTED ON PAGE 2? YOU MUST DO IT BY ONLY FOUR STROKES OF A PEN.

Weight of a Bee.

CAREFUL weighing shows that an ordinary bee, not loaded, weighs the one five-thousandth part of a pound, so that it takes five thousand bees, not loaded, to make a pound. But the loaded bee, when he comes in fresh from the fields and flowers, loaded with honey or bee bread, weighs nearly three times more—that is to say, he carries nearly twice his own weight. Of loaded bees there are only eighteen hundred in the pound. An ordinary hive of bees contains from four to five pounds of bees, or between twenty and twenty-five thousand individuals, but some swarms have double this weight and number of bees.

ON The Night of the 9th OR, OLD KING BRADY AND THE MAN WHO WAS NEVER SEEN.

By A NEW YORK DETECTIVE.

Author of "Brady, Greene and Sleuth," "The Two Stars," "Old King Brady and the Ventriloquist Banker," "The Great Death Diamond," etc.

CHAPTER XXV.

INTO THE SECRET DEN.

"Who's there?" Silence followed the cry. "Who's there? Answer, I say! Who's there?"

But although the cry was repeated, the answer did not come.

But the cry was heard.

In the dark passage beneath the mysterious mansion in the forest, Old King Brady crouched listening.

He clutched the robe of the man who was never seen and held on to it as tightly as he knew how to hold.

"You shan't get away from me this time, my singular friend," he thought.

And thus thinking Old King Brady listened to the footsteps which came creeping after them along the passage.

Then came the call:

"Who's there, who's there?"

Old King Brady drew his revolver.

With his left hand he still clutched the cloak.

"Why don't you speak? Why don't you say something?" he breathed.

But the owner of the cloak never answered a word.

All this occupied but a few seconds.

Creeping, still creeping, the footsteps approached the detective.

There was nothing hurried in their movement.

The person, be it man or woman, advanced with a peculiar shuffle.

Old King Brady neither moved nor spoke.

It was time enough to fight when attacked.

He could hear the intruder come nearer and nearer.

He could hear him feeling his way along the wall.

But it was the opposite wall to the one Old King Brady was leaning against.

There was just one chance in a thousand that the unseen would go past and never find him.

Old King Brady took that chance and won.

It was a man.

He knew it now by his voice, which again called out: "Who's there?"

The man was groping his way along the passage.

One hand went within an inch of Old King Brady's face.

Why had he no light?

Why did he move so peculiarly?

"Can it be?" murmured Old King Brady as the form glided past him. "Can it be that this man is blind?"

He held his breath and the cloak until the last sound had died away.

"He's gone now! Perhaps you'll explain!" he whispered to the unknown.

There was no answer.

"Speak! Why don't you speak!" said the detective, tugging at the cloak.

Still no answer.

The detective let go his hold on the cloak and began to feel for its wearer.

"Gone!" he murmured—"gone!"

For there was no one near him—nothing but the cloak.

He pulled out his dark lantern and opening the slide, flashed the light around.

The cloak was empty.

It hung suspended from a rusty hook driven in the wall.

The man who was never seen had vanished utterly, leaving his cloak behind.

Old King Brady was surprised, amused, curious and indignant all in a breath.

"Has he been playing me for a fool?"

"Am I in danger or am I not?"

"I'll know the meaning of all this if it costs me my life!"

Such were the detective's thoughts as lantern in hand he moved along the passage.

But he had not far to go before he came to the end.

It was a brick wall built directly across his path.

Old King Brady examined the wall critically.

There appeared to be no break in it. But on either side all was equally solid.

"The man must have gone somewhere," he murmured.

And as he stood still listening, his sharp ears detected the sound of voices.

They were muffled and indistinct. It seemed to him as if they came from behind the brick wall.

The detective flashed the light up and down.

It was as he had suspected.

The wall was nothing but a door.

Many times during his long and successful career, Old King Brady had had to do with doors like this.

He felt sure that he could find the secret spring in time.

Then even as he looked he perceived a small, round bit of brass set in the bricks about a foot down from the top.

He pressed this.

Immediately one single brick moved outward, leaving an opening through which a bright light came streaming.

Old King Brady caught his breath as he saw through the opening a room in which sat four men drinking around a table.

One wore the dress of a convict.

Another, who bore an astonishing resemblance to the first, was dressed in expensive clothes and wore a great deal of jewelry.

The third was a rough looking fellow, with a bull-dog face.

The fourth was an old man with snow-white hair and staring, sightless eyes.

"I knew I was right," thought Old King Brady. "That's the fellow who just passed me. He is blind!"

And the detective watched and listened while the blind man spoke.

"I'm sure there's stragglers in the house," he declared. "I heard 'em outside, I heard 'em in the passage. You'd better come and see."

The three men laughed.

"Blast it all, Rooney, you're drunk," said the convict, thickly. "I tell you there's no one here."

"You're drunk yourself, Bat Barnacle. I warn you now. Heed it or not, as you please."

Barnacle—Nat would have recognized him instantly—gave a coarse laugh.

"You can't faze me, old man," he mumbled. "Why didn't you work the ghost racket and scare 'em off? Why didn't you turn the magic lantern on?"

"I did."

"Well, well," demanded the well-dressed man, "and what was the result?"

"I tell you they are around somewhere. Some one rushed into the parlor. I heard 'em in the passage afterward, I know."

"He's off, Jack," mumbled Barnacle. "He's blind and crazy. Pass the bottle again. A man who has escaped the James Boys ain't to be scared by this fellow's croakings. Never say die. Trot out the money. Let's count it. Pass the bottle. That's the talk. Another drink. Whoop! Let her go!"

"Dry up! You're drunk, Bat," said the man, staggering to his feet.

He was not much better himself, but though uncertain as to his legs, he seemed to have kept his head.

"You're drunk yourself—sit down!" roared Barnacle.

"Don't you tell me what to do!" was the angry retort.

"And why?"

"Because I won't have it—not even from you!"

"Ho, ho! You won't, hey?"

"No, I won't, you convict!"

"Is the thiefing brother of a convict better than the convict himself?"

"Stop—stop!" cried the blind man. "For Heaven's sake don't get up a row!"

He sprang to his feet.

So did the other.

For the two had drawn glittering knives and were lunging at each other in a murderous way.

But the rough man was too drunk to stand.

He fell over the table and went rolling upon the floor.

"Take that!"

Bat Barnacle made a rush at his opponent.

"Murder—murder!" bawled the blind man.

But the other dodged.

Bat Barnacle fell sprawling.

"Ha, you skunk! Now I've got you!" hissed the well-dressed drunkard.

Dropping to his knees, he clutched Barnacle by the throat and raised the knife above his head.

"Stop! Hold! Do not kill that man!" shouted Old King Brady, at the top of his lungs.

He meant only to arrest that murderous hand—not to do what he did.

For in his eagerness the detective pressed harder against the bricks than he was aware of.

Did he press the secret spring? Probably.

For at the same instant the wall flew inward.

Old King Brady went with it.

"I told you so!" bawled the blind man, as Old King Brady came tumbling into the room.

CHAPTER XXVI.
INCREASING PERILS.

"Don't shoot!"
"Drop that knife!"
"Keep off, you blind fool!"
Biff!
Whack!
Bang!
Thud!

Any one listening to the sounds which came from the secret room in the moment following Old King Brady's unexpected entrance would have been puzzled to know what it was all about.

But it was only for a moment. Then all changed.

Perhaps there was not much credit in conquering three drunkards and one blind man.

Old King Brady took none to himself. He simply did it—that was all. With one hand he held the blind man back.

Thrusting the revolver into the loose pocket of his coat, with the other he wrenched the knife away from both the combatants.

"Back! Stand back or I'll blow your brains out, blind though you are!" he shouted.

The blind man retreated through the open door.

Quicker than lightning Old King Brady whipped out a piece of strong cord and tied the hands of the well-dressed man.

He had little trouble.

The man was very drunk.

But Bat Barnacle was worse.

He made no attempt to get up.

When Old King Brady turned to tie his hands also, he found that the convict had sunk into unconsciousness.

As for the man on the floor he was already snoring.

Thus in two minutes' time Old King Brady found himself complete master of the field.

"Who are you—what—what do you want?" mumbled the man he had first tied.

"You, perhaps, but not now! I'll deal with your blind friend first."

Thus exclaiming Old King Brady bolted out by the still open door and hurried along the passage.

The blind man was the only sober one in the crowd.

He was the man for Old King Brady then.

In a moment the detective caught sight of him.

He was groping his way toward the secret stairs.

The detective ran like a deer.

"Spare me! Spare me!" cried the blind man.

He turned his sightless eyes toward the detective and held up both hands in a pleading way.

Old King Brady pushed him roughly against the wall.

"You are my prisoner, Rooney!" he said.

"I surrender! I surrender! Don't shoot!"

"I am a detective. You are in my power—do you understand?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Who are those men back there? Answer quick, as you value your life!"

"Name of Barnacle," replied the blind man sulkily. "I'm only their slave—don't expect to make nothing out of me."

"Barnacle—John Barnacle, the defaulting cashier of the Littleford bank?"

"Yes."

"And the other?"

"His brother Bat."

"An escaped convict?"

"Yes, you might see that. I can't."

"And the other?"

"A nobody—a slave—a tool like myself."

"What are they doing in this house?"

"How should I know?"

"Answer! You may be blind, but you are no fool. Answer now!"

"Well, it's his house—I s'pose he's a right here."

"Whose?"

"John Barnacle's."

"He has the money he stole from the bank here with him, no doubt."

"Ask him if you want to know—"

"I ask you!"

"I don't know."

"Think! Sharpen your wits!"

And as a sharpener Old King Brady pressed the muzzle of his revolver against the blind man's forehead.

Not that he would have fired.

Jesse James might have done it but Old King Brady never.

The ruse had the desired effect.

"Don't shoot! For Heaven's sake don't shoot!" he whined. "I'm only a poor old blind man! I'll do whatever you say!"

"Answer my question!"

"What was it?"

"The money stolen from the Littleford Bank by John Barnacle. Where is it?"

"You'll kill me if I don't show you—say you'll do it!"

"Well, I say it."

"Lead me back then! Stay; don't do that. Jack Barnacle will kill me!"

"No danger. I have tied him up so that he is harmless."

"But he'll have it in for me afterward. Remember, I'm blind and helpless."

"Not so very helpless either, I fancy. Come, you'll have to go, but first, let me search you. Blind or not, I'd just as soon you wouldn't draw a pistol on me."

The blind man gave a chuckling laugh, as Old King Brady ran his hands through his various pockets.

It was well that the detective took this precaution.

A revolver and a very wicked-looking knife were found.

These Old King Brady pocketed.

He then led the way back to the secret room.

"There's nothing to fear from these Barnacles," the detective exclaimed, as they entered.

"Asleep?" breathed the blind man.

"Yes."

"I can hear them snoring. All three are very drunk."

"So I should judge; but this money?"

"Lead me over to the corner of the room."

"Which corner?"

"The left hand in front of you if you are facing the table."

Old King Brady obeyed.

"Kneel down."

"For what?"

"Don't you see the ring in the floor?"

"Yes."

"That's a trap door leading to our treasure vault."

"Oh, you are a gang?"

"A bad gang and don't you forget it."

"What am I to do when I kneel down? Pull up this trap door?"

"You don't seem to know much. Why don't you move about good and spry. I would if I had eyes like you."

"All right! All right!"

"Are you down?"

"Yes, yes."

"Now pull. It is a bit hard, but it will come!"

Old King Brady seized the ring and pulled.

But he kept his eye on the blind man.

He saw him stealthily draw a long glittering knife and raise it.

"Don't the trap come up?" he asked.

"No, I can't move it!"

"Pull! Pull harder—it's bound to come!"

Then the knife descended quick as a flash.

But Old King Brady had noiselessly moved to one side.

The result was what might have been expected.

Meeting no resistance the blind man lost his balance and tumbled forward while the point of the knife was buried an inch deep in the trap door.

"Treacherous dog!" cried the detective, "you would, would you?"

He seized the blind man by the collar, pulled him to his feet and tied his hands as he had done the rest.

At the same instant a chuckling laugh rang out through the passage.

"Ha, ha, ha! You have conquered all your enemies, brother," he heard the voice of the unknown shout.

"Who's that?" gasped the blind man.

But before the detective could answer, the voice called again:

"Up-stairs, quick, fly! There is more work ready for you to do?"

Old King Brady lost no time.

Rushing through the door he bounded along the passage and up the stairs, lantern and revolvers in hand.

He saw nothing of the unknown.

But when he gained the rooms above his ear was greeted with loud voices outside.

This and the sound of many horses stamping.

Then began a loud knocking upon the door.

Old King Brady stole to the window and peered out.

"Great heavens, it's the James Boys again!" he murmured. "They've surrounded the house!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

JESSE JAMES STEALS A MARCH ON OLD KING BRADY.

"This is the old shop. If Bat Barnacle escaped he must have come here."

This is what Old King Brady heard Jesse James say outside the door.

For Jesse it was who had done the knocking, and he had now stopped.

Old King Brady, listening at the keyhole, heard him thus exclaim.

"No doubt of it," spoke Frank's voice in answer.

"But that don't mean he must be here now," the detective heard Cole Younger remark.

They were all there, the same old gang. What was more, they evidently meant to come in if they could.

Straight from the scene of their latest hold-up the James Boys had ridden to this mysterious old mansion.

Years before in the days when Bat Barnacle was a member of the gang the out-

laws had for a short time made headquarters here.

Now because both men and horses were pretty thoroughly worn out by their exertions Jesse proposed to put in one good night's rest in the old house.

As Old King Brady looked out he saw the whole gang gathered in the yard before the house.

There was a young woman with them.

This was Camille.

By her side was a young man whom Old King Brady recognized as Nat Peters at a glance.

"Don't make any difference whether he is or not," said Jesse, in answer to Cole Younger's remark. "I'm going in. We sleep in this house to-night."

"Shall we break the door down?" asked Frank.

"Yes. Let the boys put the horses in the barn. Cole, Jim Cummins, you attend to it."

"O. K." cried Cole.

Then Old King Brady heard the horses move away.

What was to be done?

Should he stay here and seek to rescue the prisoners?

Or possibly he might contrive to capture Jesse, and claim the long promised reward.

Old King Brady was still pondering when a hand was laid upon his shoulder.

There stood the unknown enveloped in the black cloak which the detective had left in the passage.

"Quick, my friend! We want that money before these ruffians enter here!" he breathed.

"You again?" murmured the detective.

"I thought you had left me to my fate."

"No."

"But you deserted."

"That was necessary. I could not run the risk of being seen."

"What would you have me do?"

"Follow me."

"And leave the coast clear for the James Boys?"

"You cannot prevent their entrance. If they do not accomplish it one way they will another, but we can easily escape."

"Lead on. We will get the money first and consider the rest afterward."

They hurried back to the secret room.

Here all was as they had left it, save for the absence of the blind man.

He was no longer there.

"One has escaped!" exclaimed the detective.

"The blind man?"

"Yes."

"Let him go. He can do no harm."

"Shall I raise the trap?"

"No; it only leads into an old vault. The money is not there."

"Where then?"

"I do not know any more than you do. In this room somewhere I suppose."

At the same instant a slight noise attracted their attention.

It came from the trap.

Suddenly it was thrown open and a man sprang into the room.

It was Jesse James.

"Ha! Discovered!" shrieked the unknown.

"Old King Brady!" gasped Jesse.

Crack!

Crack!

Instantly the detective fired.

So did Jesse.

The unknown bounded away into the darkness of the passage.

Crack!

Crack!

Again the shots.

So far as the bandit king went they evidently had amounted to nothing.

Followed by Frank, Clell Miller and Cole Younger, Jesse James sprang into the secret room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DON'T MISS THE OPENING CHAPTERS OF THE NEW STORY TO COMMENCE IN No. 6.

SHINER,

The New York Bootblack;

OR,
The Secret of a Boy's Life.

By N. S. WOOD,
(The Young American Actor.)
Author of "The Boy Captain of the 71st N. Y.," "From the Street," "The Boss Boy Bootblack of New York," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

SHINER FINDS AN ALLY.

For a few minutes Dave was so overwhelmed by his loss that he couldn't collect his thoughts, his brain being in a whirl.

Then he obtained more command of himself and began to question the woman more closely.

A gentleman had called during the evening, she said, with a note signed by Dave, which authorized her to deliver a certain package in his room to the bearer.

The stranger told her that it was a blacking box and the note mentioned the same article.

She had delivered the box, the stranger had taken it away, and that was all she knew about it.

"And the very thing I prized most in all the world was in that box," said Dave, "and this fellow knew it. Wait a moment. What did he look like, how was he dressed?"

"He was dressed pretty nice," said the woman, "and carried a cane with a gold head. He had a little moustache and side whiskers and looked quite like a gentleman."

"He didn't tell you his name?"

"No, and I didn't ask him for it because the note seemed to be all right."

"Oh, yes, have you the note?"

"Yes."

"Will you let me see it?"

"Why of course. I'm sorry if it isn't all right, but it seemed so and he was such a soft spoken gentleman, and—"

"Cool Dick, just as I supposed," cried Dave. "Let me see the note."

The landlady procured the note from her room and Dave read it over carefully.

"In the first place I can't write as well as that," he said, musingly, "and in the next if I sent anybody after anything I would say what his name was. The whole thing was a plot. This fellow knew what I had in the box and how much I prized it and he meant to steal it. He knows my secret, and he knows that this locket contains the solution. I am more and more convinced that I—yes I know it, and that is why—"

"Was there any money in the box, Mr. David?" asked the landlady, whose curiosity had been aroused.

"No," said Dave, putting the note in his pocket, and hurrying up to his room.

When alone he walked up and down turning everything over in his mind till he came to one conclusion.

"It was Dick who set fire to the old house, it was he who wanted to have me thrown in the river, it was he who wished to marry Mattie, it was he who sought to kill Tillie, and for what?"

"I am the son of Stephen Winterton and he knows it, Tillie knows it and he sought to kill her. If he could put me out of the way and marry Mattie all of Mr. Winterton's fortune would go to him."

"That's it, and it's as clear as day. Now that he can't marry Mattie he is spiteful enough to cheat me out of my inheritance by stealing the very proof we want. It was a bold stroke, but we may get ahead of Mr. Baxter Hampton yet."

"I don't care so much for the fortune, but I love that locket. I prize it more than anything I have, and to lose it through that scoundrel is more than I can bear."

There was clearly nothing to be done at that time, however, and Dave soon went to bed, although he did not fall asleep for more than an hour, so busy were his thoughts over the affair.

In the morning he started for Mr. Winterton's directly after breakfast, in order to tell his benefactor about the loss of the locket.

In turning into Sixth avenue his arm was suddenly seized by a flashily dressed man, who said gruffly:

"H'm, you are Dave Whittle, the Boy Wonder of the circus, and I want you."

"Let go my arm, Charley Dawson," said the boy. "I do not intend to let you capture me as you did before, and if you try to make any trouble I'll call a policeman."

"So you know me, do you?" he said. "I thought you'd say you didn't."

"Yes, I know you, and I know what you wanted to do with me, but you won't get me into your circus and make a fortune out of me if I know it."

"Say, Dave, let's talk business," said the man in a gentler tone, releasing the boy's arm. "Bill Pidgeon went back on me that time, but now I'll do the square thing by you. Come into some quiet place and let's talk it over."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Go into the circus business with me. I'll give you two hundred a week and a share of the profits—twenty-five per cent. That's straight, ain't it? A month's training will get you back into the thing again, and you'll be better than you—"

"I am not going back to the circus," said Dave firmly, "so there's no use making me any terms, Mr. Dawson."

"You'll never get such another chance to make money, Dave. Come, think it over. I'll give you two or three days to make up your mind."

"My mind is already made up," said Dave. "What was that you called me just now—Dave Whitney?"

"No, Whittle. That's the name the man gave you that let me have you."

"Was he my father?" asked Dave, trying not to show too much interest. "I suppose so. He said he was, anyhow."

"But he was a gypsy, and gypsies don't sell their own children."

"I don't know anything about that. Maybe he wasn't your father at all. Don't you know yourself whether he was or not?"

"How could I, when I was so young?" "That's so; you was only three years old when I took you."

"That's something to know," thought the boy. "Perhaps I may learn more. No, I don't remember him at all," he said in reply to the circus man.

"Well, then, I shouldn't wonder if you'd been kidnapped when you was a baby. I never ask questions when I take youngsters to train to the business."

"If you could find out who my father was, I might make it worth your while to furnish me with the information," said Dave, quietly. "I am really anxious to know."

"And you won't go back to the circus?" "No, and you needn't tell Bill Pidgeon to kidnap me again either."

"I'll smash his head first," said Dawson, angrily. "H'm! I've got it! He's working for Hawley Furguson, that's what he is. I remember now. Hawley married Tillie Swift, the bareback rider and—"

"Was Tillie married?" asked Dave, in surprise.

"Yes, she married Hawley and left the show a year or so after you skipped. Big fool, too, she was. He just spent her money, Dick did, and abused her, the—"

"Did you say Dick? Good heavens, you don't mean Cool Dick?"

"That's the feller, and I reckon he had more names than that."

"He has. Cool Dick was the man that Bill Pidgeon made the deal with when I was drugged and taken from the—"

"Oh, he was, eh? H'm! then he's the man that knows who your father is. Tillie told him. She wouldn't tell me, but she said there was a mystery about you. By Heaven, Dave, I'll hunt down that villain and worm his secret out of him, if I have to kill him, just to get square on him for the mean trick he played me! Yes, sir, and I'll do it for nothing."

"Then Whittley knew who I really was?"

"I reckon he did."

"Where is he now?"

"I don't like to say, but anyhow, you won't find him, for he's been dead these last five years."

CHAPTER XX.

THE ALLY PROVES A TRAITOR.

MR. WINTERTON was waiting for Dave in the library, and when the boy came in he said:

"Well, you have brought the locket?"

"No, sir," and Dave told how he had lost the locket and of the meeting with Dawson.

"You seem to have pitted one scoundrel against another, Dave," said the merchant, "but when rogues fall out, honest men get their dues, you know."

"If Dawson can get the locket back, I shall be satisfied, sir."

"But I shall not be. I wish to see you righted, my boy, and I shall do all in my power to accomplish it. Did you give the man your address, in case he wished to communicate with you?"

"I told him to put a personal in the Herald. I thought it was as well not to give him an address."

"You were quite right. Well, let us hope that it will come to something."

Two days later the following notice appeared in the personal column of the Herald:

"WILL D meet D same place, noon?"

Dave saw the notice and telephoned from the store to Mr. Winterton to learn what the latter advised.

"Be there promptly at noon," answered the merchant, and Dave kept the appointment.

At exactly noon he was at the spot where he had met the circus man.

A moment later Dawson came out of a saloon not far away.

"Well?" asked Dave.

"What will you give me if I tell you who your father is?" asked Dawson.

"I have nothing to give, I am only a poor boy earning my own living."

"But you have friends. Perhaps Mr. Wint—some of your friends would be glad to help you learn the truth."

"The other day you said you would do this for nothing."

"Well, you see, there's more in it than I thought there was. I've got the proofs now, and I'll sell 'em to you for—well, what do you think they are worth?"

"Nothing whatever," said Dave. "You have no proofs."

Dawson colored angrily, and said:

"Oh, you can't bluff me. I've got the proofs I tell you, and if Mr. Wint— if you want 'em you've got to pay for them."

"If you haven't any more to say than that, you might have saved yourself the trouble of coming up here," said Dave. "I can't waste any more time on you, if you won't."

"Now, say, look here, Dave!" said Dawson, in a confidential tone. "I don't mind telling you that you're the son of old Winterton, but you've got to prove it, or you won't get a penny of his money. His relations will dispute the will, and you'll get left—see?"

"Well?" "Ain't it worth something to prove yourself heir to millions? Well, I guess! What do you say to fifty thousand?"

"I haven't the money."

"No, but your father has. You just ask him. It's like chucking your chances away to refuse an offer like that. Just say the word, and I'll go with you now, prove what I say, and get the money."

"I shall do nothing of the sort. You must treat directly with Mr. Winterton."

"But I tell you, Davy, my boy," and Dawson took hold of the boy's arm and looked more and more confidential. "I tell you that I can put you into the best thing a boy ever struck. You ought to think enough of an old friend to pay him for that, I should think."

Dave's eyes flashed and the color rose to his temples as he replied:

"You're no friend of mine, Charley Dawson, nor am I the easy, trusting boy I was. My life has hardened me and I know whom I trust. You are trying a game of blackmail, but you won't play it out. The other day you were telling the truth; to-day you are lying! I have no more to say."

"But I have!" hissed Dawson, making a sudden movement toward his hip pocket.

As quick as lightning Dave's fist shot out and took him in the mouth.

He uttered a cry of rage and a slung shot fell from his hand to the pavement.

There were few persons in the neighborhood at that time, and Dave did not care to risk an encounter at short range with the scoundrel.

He therefore quickly left the place, and Dawson hurried away as quickly in another direction.

"He doesn't know a thing more than he knew the other day," mused Dave, "but he thinks he can humbug me and make Mr. Winterton pay a large sum of money for nothing."

If Dave had finished with the man there was another who had not.

This was a boy of about Dave's own age, who, in the garb of an ordinary street urchin, followed the circus man when he hurried away.

He had been standing in a doorway while Dave and Dawson were talking, and had been entirely unobserved by them, which was precisely what he wished.

The boy was Pete Green, and he had been sent to act as a spy upon Dawson, unknown to Dave, by Mr. Winterton.

The latter suspected that the circus man had some scheme on hand, and he determined to discover what it was, if possible.

Without saying anything to Dave about it, he sent for Pete, whom he knew not only to be a friend of Dave's, but a shrewd fellow as well.

The matter of a disguise was easily enough arranged, and then Mr. Winterton told the boy to be present at the interview without being seen, and to follow Dawson afterwards and discover all he could about him.

Neither Dave nor Dawson noticed the boy following the circus man, and Pete kept at a sufficient distance behind not to arouse suspicion.

Dawson slackened his speed considerably after he had passed two or three side streets, and his shadow had no difficulty whatever in following him.

The man went into one or two saloons and Pete waited outside till he came out.

Finally he boarded a surface car and rode down town standing on the front platform smoking a cigar, Pete taking the rear end.

When in the neighborhood of Fourth street, the man left the car and Pete followed him to a saloon in front of which he met a man to whom he said:

"Tain't no use, Bill. We'll have to work the thing in partnership with Dick."

"You saw Shiner?"

"Yes, and he tumbled right away. He knows I can't tell him anything."

"H'm! he's too smart but I tell you what, let's kidnap him and make Dick pay for him."

"We'll make more money by holding him for a ransom and making old Winterton come down handsome before we give up his dearly beloved son."

"Good! Let's have a drink on it."

CHAPTER XXI.

A DANGEROUS PLOT OVERHEARD.

DAWSON and Bill Pidgeon went into the saloon and took a seat at a table in one corner of the barroom.

Pete came in a moment afterwards and asked the bartender for a glass of water.

Then he walked over to where the two men were sitting and asked:

"Want any matches or lead pencils, gents?"

"Naw!" growled Bill Pidgeon.

"Don't you want a shine then? I'll get me box."

"Naw, we don't want a shine; get out!"

"All right," and Peter took a seat at a table between the men and the door.

Bill changed his seat so as to bring him closer to Dawson, and the backs of the two men were then turned toward Peter.

The boy yawned, stretched his arms and finally rested them on the table.

"Let me sleep a little, will you, boss?" he asked the barkeeper who was then serving Dawson and Bill Pidgeon.

"Certainly; only if the place fills up you'll have to skip."

"All right, boss," and Pete bowed his head upon his hands and was soon snoring gently.

"The way to do it is just this, Charley," said Pidgeon, setting down his glass.

"No decoy business'll work, 'cause we tried that before, and the young feller'll tumble. What we want to do is to collar him when he's coming home some night."

"That's it, and that's easy. He goes to see the old man almost every night. You know where he lives."

"Of course; and, anyhow, he can be followed, can't he? Well, be waiting with a cab, chuck him in it, and take him to your place on Grand street, and then write to the old man."

"Yes, but if you go in with Hawley Furguson again like you did before, I'll walk on your neck. You can't do me more'n once, Bill."

"Well, Dick offered me a good price, and—"

"And you done me up and then let the boy get away after all. If you try it again, Bill, you'll get filled so full o' lead that you'll be able to sell yourself at a junk shop."

"All right, Charley," laughed Bill.

"You bet it's all right," said Dawson, fiercely. "I mean business this time, Bill Pidgeon, and don't you forget it!"

"That's all right, Charley," said Bill, uneasily. "I'm on the square in this. How much are you going to strike the old man for?"

"It ought to be worth a hundred thousand to us, Bill. The old man is rich and he won't let no harm come to the boy. I can work it up, threaten the boy's life and all that, and get him so wild that he'll come down handsome."

"Yes, and then collar us both when we go for the money!"

"Ah, what are you giving us?" sneered Dawson. "I ain't no chump. I can work this thing right. First we nab him—see?"

"Yes."

"Then we don't take him to Grand street at all, but to a place in Harlem away up on the West side among the rocks near One Hundred and Fortieth street, and there he stays till the old man ponies up."

"All right."

"Then we make the old duffer come alone, with the money in bills, to some place at midnight, and when we get it the boy'll be sent home."

"But will he give up the sugar without seeing the boy?"

"He's gotter. I ain't going to have no check business. We'll take the boy there if he likes, but if he doesn't come alone or pony up, we'll put a bullet through the boy's head and settle the whole business."

"But ain't you asking a pretty steep price, Charley?"

"No. Ain't he worth millions and won't he give that much for his son's life?"

"Then you're sure he's the old man's son?"

"Certainly, and what's the matter with making him think so."

"Maybe he won't swallow it."

"Then all we've gotter do is to bring Dick in and get the proofs. Dick knows and so does Tillie, but nobody knows where Tillie is now."

"Then we'll have to whack up with Dick and how much 'll I get?"

"You'll get as much as any of us, o' course. Have another snifter?"

"Don't care if I do."

The bartender was summoned, and as he brought a bottle and glasses, he said to Pete:

"Say, young feller, this ain't no lodging house. You'll have to skip. Ain't you had snooze enough?"

Pete made no reply and the man shook him roughly.

"What's the matter?" asked Pete, arousing himself with evident difficulty.

"I ain't been asleep, have I, boss?"

"Yes, you have, and you better take a sneak. I didn't tell you you could sleep here all day."

"All right, boss, much obliged, I'll do the same for you some day," and Pete arose, stretched his arms and left the place in the slouching manner usual with sleepy boys.

"Well! Those two fellers are the worst I ever seen," he muttered, when in the street. "Going to scoop in Shiner and

make the old man duff up, are they? They've got a noive, they have!

"And Shiner is the old man's son, is he? Well, that beats the world. Who'd have thought of it. Why, he'll be a regular dude, he will, but he ain't the sort to go back on a chum, he ain't, no matter how rich he is."

The boy knew that there was no use trying to learn any more of the plot against Dave, but he had already discovered enough to give Dave's friends the advantage of the game, and satisfied with the result of his mission he hurried off to change his clothes and tell Mr. Winterton all he had heard, muttering as he sped away:

"Do Shiner up if the old man don't come down, will they? Well, I guess not, not on their life!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HAVE YOU TOLD YOUR STAMP COLLECTING FRIEND ABOUT OUR GREAT POSTAGE STAMP CIFT? IF NOT DO SO AT ONCE. HE WILL THANK YOU.

Saved by A Belt of Gold.

"GOLD has a variety of uses," said an English engineer to an American who met him in Tlaxcala, Mexico, "but I fancy my experience when I first went over this route between Oaxaca and Tehuantepec was rather novel. A lot of \$20 pieces served very well as a coat of mail—so well that they saved my life."

"As I said, I was bound down to Tehuantepec for a look at the railroad across the isthmus. I had heard that the women there use our American double eagles for jewelry and paid a very high premium for them, so I got forty or fifty and sewed them into the form of what you might call a porous plaster. When I had them stitched into place on a bit of cotton, there were two rows across my back and a third row overlapping the other two. By putting straps over my shoulders they carried very comfortably."

"I got the gold up at El Paso, Tex., but in some way one of the beggarly crew at the hotel in Oaxaca saw that I was carrying something in the small of my back, and the result of that was I was followed when I set out for Tehuantepec. They allowed me to go on unmolested until I was within a day of San Carlos, and then one of them seems to have taken a short cut through the mountains and concealed himself in the brush until I passed. Then he gave it to me with a shotgun loaded with slugs of lead, and I caught it in the small of the back."

"The force of the blow knocked me down over the pommel of the saddle. When there I had presence of mind enough to keep on falling slowly, as if entirely done for. Meantime I got one of your American navy revolvers in my hand and cocked it."

"The beggar that had shot me, seeing me fall, came running from the brush, machete in one hand and gun in the other, while his partner appeared around the mountain, with his horse on the gallop. They yelled at my horse to stop and my guide to go on, and both obeyed promptly. I was still clinging to my horse's neck and could see them through its mane very well. I let them get within ten feet of me and then dropped to my feet on the ground and took my turn at shooting. They were so close I couldn't miss, but luckily, as I think, one caught his bullet in the knee and the other in the fleshy part of the arm, while their horse was killed outright by a bullet in the head."

"Seeing them both down and begging for their lives I had a mind to kill them for their cowardice, but I let them off with a good kicking apiece, and then called back the guide and had him carry water and wash and dress the wounds as well as possible. Then I gave the man with the hurt arm a stiff horn of brandy, and sent him back for help while I continued my journey. The slugs had hit the gold pieces—three of them. I had a lame back for a week or so, but I was otherwise unhurt. I afterward met the one that caught it in the knee. He was going about the market in Oaxaca on a peg leg peddling reboses, and telling people he had lost his leg in a fierce encounter with highwaymen. He said his partner was on a journey, but I fancy that meant he had been detected in some rascality and sent to prison."

ONLY FOUR STROKES OF A PEN MAY BRING YOU \$50. SEE CIRCLE ON 2ND PAGE.

Fond Mother—What would you like to be, Harold, when you grow up? Harold (thoughtfully)—I'd like to be a minister. Fond Mother (delighted)—What put such an angelic idea into your little head, child? And why should you prefer that noble profession? Harold—So's I could loaf on week days and take in all the baseball games, horse races and prize fights!

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THE NEW STORY IN

No. 6 of

HAPPY DAYS.

[This story commenced in No. 1.]

Jack Wright and Frank Reade, Jr. the Two Young Inventors

Or; BRAINS AGAINST BRAINS.

A Thrilling Story of a Race Around the World for \$10,000.

By "NONAME,"

Author of "Jack Wright and His Electric Air Monitor," "Frank Reade, Jr.'s
 'Sky Scrapper,'" "Jack Wright, the Boy Inventor's Electric Sledge Boat," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN THE GRASP OF A SEA GIANT.
 THE moment Forrest fired that fatal pistol shot at the captain of the Portuguese man-of-war, Jack knew their fate was sealed.

It was a well-aimed shot, for it struck the officer, and he reeled back, uttering a

"But with the batteries exhausted, and the dynamo broken, we have no means of working the pump to empty out the ballast," gasped Forrest.

He was thoroughly frightened now, for he did not expect that the mean trick he played was going to act like a boomerang upon himself.

the nuts holding on the yoke of the armature shaft should have come off. I don't understand it at all."

"Wot's queerer still," added Tim, taking a chew of tobacco, "are that I couldn't find 'em nowhars."

"Strange, very strange," said Jack, with knit brows. "Come with me and help to search for them, Tim."

They went to the engine room together, and Forrest muttered:

"You'll have a vain search, as I flung them into the sea."

"Vot's dot?" demanded Fritz, partially overhearing him.

"Oh, nothing," stammered Forrest, with a guilty start.

Jack and Tim failed to find the missing nuts, although they searched every nook and corner for them, and at last gave up in despair.

"I'll have to fit a new pair on," said the young inventor at last.



JUST AS TIM DREW CLOSE TO THE MONSTER AND RAISED HIS AX TO DEAL IT A BLOW THE CALAMARY SUDDENLY DARTED AWAY THROUGH THE WATER, HOLDING JACK TIGHTLY IN ITS TENTACLES.

cry, and fell bleeding into a lieutenant's arms.

Jack knew there would be no parley now, for if the Portuguese did not at once blow the Sea Serpent to pieces with their guns, they would take all hands prisoners, and confiscate the submarine boat.

That would virtually put an end to the race around the world against Frank Reade, Jr., for the \$10,000 stake.

Jack saw that the sun had gone down, and his boat was within a league of the rock of Gibraltar.

Although the batteries were exhausted, and the dynamo had been rendered useless, owing to Forrest having taken off the yoke-nuts, causing the armature to fall, Jack resolved to sink the boat.

There was no other earthly manner in which to escape the fury of the Portuguese, although he had not the remotest idea how he was going to get the Sea Serpent on the surface again.

Nor could he imagine how the dynamo happened to fall apart, for no one had seen what the villain, Forrest, had done.

Without mentioning his intention to anyone, Jack closed the turret window, pulled the valve lever and the boat sunk.

Down to a depth of twenty feet she went ere he stopped her, and then she was completely hidden from the view of their foes.

"Good Lord almighty!" roared Tim.

"How is we ter rise?"

"I don't know," replied Jack, coolly.

"But this was our only means of escape."

"Vell, ve vos got in a fresh subby ohf air anyway," said Fritz.

Jack smiled and shrugged his shoulders, turned on the air from the reservoir, and starting the search light, he slanted its rays up at the hull of the man-of-war.

He thus could keep track of his enemy's movements, and now saw the gunboat gliding ahead through the water.

By following her with the light, he kept her in sight until she at last passed away from view, and then he said:

"Those Portuguese imagine we sunk and perished, else they would have remained and probed the sea for us with gunshots."

"An' a verry lucky thing that are fer us," said Tim, dryly.

"I don't see that we are better off this way, than by being destroyed immediately with a shot," grumbled Forrest.

"By being killed at once, we would not have to prolong our anxiety and suspense about our fate. Wright, it is maddening to me."

"Ach, ve don't vos det yet, vos ve?" asked Fritz, grimly.

"No, but we might as well be—"

"Here vos a revolver," said the Dutchman, proffering him a pistol. "If yer don't vos got gourage ter face der drubbe ve vos in, und tink a gwick det vos best, blow oud your prains."

Forrest turned very pale and recoiled.

He did not expect this cool, business like offer.

"I don't want to die," he gasped. "Put up that gun."

"Den shut me your mout," said Fritz, with a grin.

"I'm going down to examine the dynamo," said Jack. "It is very singular that

They did not suspect Forrest of removing them, for they had no idea that he was anxious to delay the Sea Serpent, so Frank Reade, Jr., would win the race.

It occupied several hours to fit on a new pair of nuts and put the heavy armature back in its place, but they finally repaired the dynamo.

Fritz and Forrest joined them in the engine room while they were working, and when everything was ready, Jack said:

"As you all are aware, fire must have air to burn. Now we can start the engine, but it will consume a large amount of the atmosphere we have to breathe. But the distance to the surface is so short, that it will not take long to reach it. We can easily do so. I am going to send her up, so we can charge the storage batteries."

"Heave away, my hearty," said Tim. "Thar's plenty air aboard."

No one objected, for frightened as Forrest was, he was only too glad to get out of the dangerous situation they were in.

Jack tried the experiment and succeeded without mishap.

The submarine boat reached the top.

The man-of-war had vanished.

Jack then charged the batteries, filled the air tanks, and as he was afraid he might be delayed again if seen entering the Mediterranean, he submerged the Sea Serpent and drove her ahead.

She made rapid headway, forged into the beautiful sea and ran on for twenty-four hours without accident.

On the following afternoon she was well

(Continued on Page 11.)

[This story commenced in No. 1.]

YELLOW AND BLACK; OR, THE TWO BOSSES OF WHACKINGTON ACADEMY.

By SAM SMILEY,

Author of "A New Tommy Bounce," "Aunt Maria," "The Shortys Doing Europe," etc.

PART IV.

THE two cronies, Wing and Wash, kept right on fishing. The water began to rise in the boat. They didn't know anything about it. Being on the ends they were out of its way. As they didn't look around, they neglected to see it.

ain' answerin' me. Wow, let de water run o't, cyan't yo'." "Yep, me spect so. Washy wantee watee lun out?" "Dat's wha' I sayed." "All light, turnee boatee over, dlen watee lun out all samee like evlyslng." Wash was about to make an angry retort to this suggestion. He did not have time.

"Hi, dere, you boy, fotch dat boat dish yer way?" "Nevve mind niggee man, lily bloy, fetchee boatee disce way, take in Wing-Wing." "Of course I will—I don't think!" warbled Dick. "Wingy go down in watee, lily bloy no takee." "Nev' yo' min' dat Chinee, Marse Dick," said Wash, "but jus' come an' took me, I'se got cramps." "Washee tell stoly, no got nossling, tellee lie likee debil." "Hol' on dere, Marse Dick!" "Hi-ya, lily bloy come back!" "Of course I will," said Dick. He did not, just the same. The two fishermen were obliged to swim ashore. They were sights when they got there. They had lost their poles and lines, their

Neither Wing nor Wash considered it necessary to tell him this, however. Dick certainly would not give him the information.

Those two gillies went home soaking wet, without a single fish.

Supper would have been late that evening if Miss Whacker had not got it.

Saturday night's tea was never very much anyhow.

All the same, Wing got a good tongue lashing when he arrived.

"The ideal!" snorted Miss Aurora. "Who do you think I am anyhow?"

"Me no goodee catchee liddle, me givee up," said Wing.

"Well, you yellow monkey, I'm the housekeeper, I'll have you know."

"Yep, me spect so. You keepee housee, me no want, no goodee fo' nossling."

"The ideal! Good for nothing! And you say that, a lazy, shiftless, idle, drunken Chinaman. If it was not Saturday I'd discharge you."

"Yep, me spect so, ovee leffee eye blow," chuckled Wing. "Old looman talkee too facee, no goodee. Wing no takee sauce, no takee stock in Missee Lolee, him he own bossee."

Then he waddled off to get some dry duds on him, and the old girl went on getting supper with the help of Wash, who had already changed his things.

On Sunday morning the entire academy went to church.

The doctor and his sister and the two assistants rode.

The boys walked in a body, one hundred strong.

Whacker stated in his circulars that church attendance was obligatory.

If any of the pupils preferred any particular church they could go there.

Whacker himself was a Methodist.

His church was two miles away. All hands went to that.

There were others.

They were distant anywhere from five to eight miles.

If the boys attended them they would have to walk.

They all took in the Methodist church.

It was a fine sight to see those hundred boys, all of them well dressed and handsome, filing into church of a Sunday morning.

They took up fully a third of the edifice.

When they sang, in the hymns, they nearly took off the roof.

The regular choir was knocked silly.

Consequently the congregation was requested to sing only the first and last selections.

Those two were the best of all, naturally.

Dick would just as lief get off a snap on Sunday as on Thursday.

It didn't argue any lack of respect on his part.

He simply couldn't help it, that was all. Brimming over with fun, he had to let off steam occasionally.

He was as liable to do this on Sunday as on any other day of the week.

The only difference was that his Sunday rackets were more spontaneous.

He did not lay pipe for them as for other jobs.

They happened merely because he happened to think of them at the moment.

On Dick's first Sunday at Whackington Academy, the usual programme was carried out.

The boys marched in four divisions of six files each with a captain for each squad.

Dick commanded the first squad, in the front line of which were Bob Smart, Ned Watts, Hall Wright and Tom Butts.

The second division followed at a distance of three or four paces, and so on through the regiment.

The boys started earlier than Whacker and his crowd, as it took them longer to walk.

Off they started down the road, marching in fine order, all in step and keeping a steady tread.

Whacker was quite pleased as he saw them start off.

"Most extraordinary how that Sharp makes the young gentlemen march," he muttered. "He's really a general, and yet—"

"And yet what?" snapped Miss Whacker, who always opposed the doctor from principle.

"Why, I have a notion that he is inclined to be mischievous, ahem, not from any viciousness, perhaps, but from a—"

"The ideal!" snorted the old maid. "Sharp is your cleverest pupil. He studies all the time and—"

"Yes, my dear, and that's what makes it most extraordinary, positively, without precedent, I might say, that—"

"The ideal! H'm! You might say anything and talk all day if I'd listen, but are you aware that's it nearly time to start for church?"

The boys had disappeared around a bend in the road by this time.

When they were well out of sight, Dick put them at the double quick.



THE SCOW COULDN'T STAND ANY MORE WATER. IT BEGAN TO SINK WITH GREAT RAPIDITY. WING AND WASH TRIED TO CLIMB OUT TO THE VERY ENDS. THE MOTION WAS TOO MUCH FOR THE BOAT. IT WENT DOWN ALL THE FASTER. "HI-YA! STOPPEE! ME GETTEE WET!" "DAT'S WHA' I SAYED. WOW!" DOWN WENT THE BOAT ALL AT ONCE.

It kept on rising all the same and made no bones about it.

Before long the fish in the boat had water enough to swim in.

They made the most of it, not having expected any such picnic.

Higher and higher arose the water. Wing and Wash never noticed it, they were so busy.

At last, however, they were obliged to take notice.

The water reached the gunwale and flowed over.

Before Wing knew it, his feet were wet. Wash had on boots, but they had holes in them.

That's how he found out that something was wrong.

His feet were soaked and he couldn't account for it.

He looked down to see what the trouble was.

Wing felt cold and wet around the underrunning at the same time.

He also looked down.

Then both looked at each other.

"Cussee, blazee, watee mattee? Watee comee in."

"Dat's wha' I sayed. Gracious goodness! how dat boat do leak."

"Yep, me spect so."

"Gorry! I'se got wet feet. Wha' de matter, anyhow?"

"Me no savvy, me got wet feetee all same, Washee."

"How yo' spect dat water get in yer?"

"Yep, me spect so."

"Wha' dat yo' spect, yo' headen? Dat's

The scow couldn't stand any more water. It began to sink with great rapidity.

Wing and Wash tried to climb out to the very ends.

The motion was too much for the boat. It went down all the faster.

"Hi-ya! Cussee, blazee, stoppee! Me gettee wet!"

"Dat's wha' I sayed. Wow!"

Down went the boat all at once.

Overboard went Wing and Wash in a twinkling.

In two shakes they went under.

Up they came in a moment, puffing and blowing.

They could both swim, so there was no danger of their drowning.

Wing's balloon sleeves and baggy breeches were in his way, however.

Wash suffered a like inconvenience from his big boots.

His straw hat went floating down stream.

So did Wing's slouched hat.

"Wow! sakes alibe, don't see wha' dot boat wan' ter go down fo'!"

"Yep, me spect so. Washee gottee pay fo' boat, hap?"

"Dat's wha' I— No, I ain't! Wha' yo' talkin' bout?"

"Me no got time talkee. Me catchee clamp in watee, me gottee slim out."

"Dat's wha' I sayed. H'm! who am dat?"

That was Dick.

He was coming along in his boat. Resting on his oars he said:

"Well, you're a nice pair of flounders!"

fish had got away and their boat had gone to the bottom.

"H'm! don't see no fun goin' fishin' anyway, does yo'?" grunted Wash.

"Yep, me spect so. Feel all same fool."

"Dat's wha' I sayed!" growled Wash.

"F yo' hadn't been long, eve'ying would ha' been all right."

"Niggee man no come fishee evlyslng be luzley, goosee hang high. Washee make hoodoo all time."

"H'm! I like dat! Who done upset de boat?"

"Boat upsettee, fo' cause Washee have big feetee."

"Don't yo' say nuffin' 'bout my feet or I swipe yo' in de jaw."

"Yep, me spect so. Washee got lilly feetee."

"Dat's wha' I sayed."

"Yep, lilly feetee all same efalent. My fader in China, him have lilly feetee, him big man, him have two, tlee thousand niggee man wait on he, blackee bootee, lun fo' he. Shoo fly alay flom he, let he steppee on neckee."

"Yo'm a big liah," said Wash, in high dudgeon. "Dey ain't no yaller Chinee big nuff ter walk on no col'd man's neck."

"Yep, dat all light; my fader big man—bigga dan Plesident."

"G'way wif yo', chile. Yo'm crazy."

"Yep, me spect so," returned Wing, with his sweet smile.

"Dat's wha' I sayed," snorted Wash, and the two prize packages started for home.

When the owner of that flat boat would next require it he would have to hunt at the bottom of the river for it.

By doing so he gained considerably on the carriage party.

The boys were almost in town and to the church by the time Whacker caught up with them.

The doctor and Rood sat on the front seat, looking as solemn as owls.

Miss Whacker and Blunt sat on the back seat and squeezed hands.

Whenever they thought the doctor wasn't likely to look around they snuggled up quite close to one another.

It was a regular case of spoon on the part of both.

Aurora was no longer young and was ready to jump at anything.

Blunt was after the old girl's money more than he was after her.

If a nice young girl had come along Aurora would probably have received the cold shake.

If she had, however, Blunt would have had to emigrate.

At any rate, they were making desperate love to each other at that time.

The road was more or less lonely and the ride to church gave them a good chance to be spooney on each other.

The old nag was jogging on at an easy gait, which was quite compatible with a party bound for church.

That was before he caught up with the boys.

Then it was different.

He was quite used to seeing the boys march.

He had seen them do it a hundred times. He was not used to the reception he got this time.

As the carriage approached Dick gave some quick, sharp orders.

They were taken up at once by the other squad leaders.

In a jiffy the boys drew up, four deep, alongside the road.

The four captains were in front of their respective squads.

"Halt!" said Dick. "Front face!"

There they all stood as the carriage came along.

They all saluted and the doctor felt quite proud.

Then came something else.

The whole hundred suddenly let out a yell.

It was a class cry newly invented by Dick.

"Whack, whack, whack, whack, Whackington, ah!"

The first of it was very sharp and staccato, like the snapping of firecrackers.

The full word was short and explosive, while the wind-up was loud and long drawn out.

The doctor's Bucephalus was not used to such demonstrations.

At the instant that he heard the first "whack-whack," he gave a jump.

At the second he made a bolt as if wolves were after him.

At the full word, shot out with great force from a hundred lusty throats, he went clean off his trolley.

Down that road he shot as if on a race.

It was of no use for Whacker to try and stop him.

He had just got started and had no notion of holding up.

The doctor sawed on the reins for all he was worth.

Mr. Rood was nearly sent over the dashboard.

His silk hat fell under the old nag's hoofs.

He would not want to wear it after that.

Mr. Blunt and Miss Whacker were thrown into one another's society rather more than they liked.

They caromed against each other with no gentle force.

Aurora's frizzly bangs were knocked crooked and showed her bald spot.

Blunt got a crack on the nose that made him think a mule had stepped on it.

The old maid yelled like a stuck pig, and scared the nag more than ever.

Then she tried to grab hold of Blunt for protection.

The jolting of the carriage disarranged her bonnet and nearly upset her.

Then she caught hold of the side and held on for all she was worth.

Meanwhile, that old plug was putting in the licks.

He was making better time than he had ever dreamed of doing.

And how the dust did fly, too, as he bowled along.

The doctor yelled and hauled all in vain.

The brute had made up his mind to go, for once.

Nothing could stop him.

In a brace of shakes he was in the town.

The streets were full of people going to church.

Whacker was a deacon and one of the big guns of the congregation.

Fast driving was a thing he had always denounced.

Violent language was another.

"Whoa, confound you! Well, well, this is most ext—dash it all, whoa!"

The good people of the town saw him come driving in at a breakneck pace.

They also heard him use bad language that greatly shocked them.

How they scattered!

Fat men ran for the first time in years.

Prudish old maids grabbed their skirts and actually exposed their ankles.

Boys yelled and men laughed out loud.

"Let her go, doc!"

"There can't any one pass you!"

"Houp-lal! Now we're buzzing!"

It was only the irreverent fellows who never went to church who made these remarks.

The good, steady-going, sober-minded citizens were terribly shocked at them and at what had occasioned them.

Fully one half of the congregation saw the thing.

Whacker usually arrived last, but now everybody almost was out.

Along the street and past the church raced that rattled old nag.

That gave more people a chance to see the race.

They were coming from both directions.

"My sakes alive," gasped one old dame; "whatever has come over Deacon Whacker?"

"Driving fast hosses on Sunday, hey?" snorted an old daddy, who was down on all innocent amusements.

"Well, well, he'll hev ter be spoke tew."

"H'm, it's a case for the serciety to look inter, most decidedly," grunted another old fossil, with a face sour enough to curdle milk.

More than one expressed themselves in strong terms as to the heinousness of the doctor's offense.

In the meanwhile, before Whacker could turn his obstinate beast around, up the gravel path leading to the church door marched the doctor's one hundred boys.

There wasn't a smile on the face of one of them.

You wouldn't find a more orderly lot of boys anywhere.

They marched into church with the utmost decorum.

They never looked to the right or to the left but filed into their accustomed places with all the gravity of judges.

"Well," whispered one old girl, "it's plain to be seen that Deacon Whacker hain't contaminated his boys yet anyhow."

The whisper was heard all over the church.

"He'd ortn't ter have the care of sech nice boys," hoarsely whispered another old fudge, in the fond belief that no one except her neighbor heard.

"Bum-bye, they'll be as bad as him,"

Nearly all the congregation echoed these sentiments.

If they had only known what the boys knew.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HAPPY DAYS LEADS ALL STORY PAPERS. TELL ALL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT OUR GREAT PREMIUMS.

The Dog Which Was a Present.

By "ED."

I HAVE an uncle who is an old bachelor. I am named after him and it behooves me to keep in with him because he carries a comfortable boodle, which rumor says was amassed in the slave trade.

He is not a beauty, having only one eye, and his facial expression would be improved if his nose was not mashed flat to his face.

Like all desperate ruffians of the brine, he has a wooden leg, which he has an unpleasant habit of unscrewing when wroth and lying about him regardless of result. It is wonderful how he can balance himself on his sound underpinning and hop around on his sound leg.

The other day he appeared before my startled gaze, as I sat on the front stoop, with the worst-looking dog I ever beheld.

I have seen during my lifetime all sorts of dogs, but this one I think could not be beat for his personal appearance. It was equally as pretty, if not more distingue than his master.

He was minus all of the hair from the top of his head, where some person had tried to scald him; his teeth snarled at you, and he only had three legs on which to hobble.

"Hello, you idle young powder monkey!" shouted my noble kinsman, as he flung a chew of tobacco at me. "Say thank ye."

"What for?" asked I.

"You don't know where your bread is buttered."

"How?"

"See what I've brought you."

"Me?"

"Yes."

"But suppose I don't want it?"

The man of gore fairly frothed at the mouth at the bare supposition.

"Don't want it?" he howled. "What do you mean, you worse than an ingrate? Take that dog, or I'll leave every cent that

I've got to a hotel for dogs—all dogs like this. Take hold of the cable of the valuable animal."

We are all mercenary, and I had a hankering after my uncle's ducats, though they may have been stained with the blood of his victims.

Gingerly I took hold of the rope.

The cur made a snap at me, which tickled my uncle greatly.

"Good girl, Beauty!" he roared. "Teach him manners and thankfulness. Bite a piece out of his leg."

Well, my uncle stalked away and left me with that villainous producer of hydrophobia.

After reflection I concluded that it would be best to accept Beauty and—lose her.

At the risk of my life I did at last succeed in tying the lovely beast to a tree.

Then I left her in our little front yard glaring at me with her bloodshot eyes.

A couple of hours passed away.

When I came out of the house my heart gave a big bound.

The tree was empty! Beauty had gone! I felt so glad that I resolved to go down to the corner and treat myself to a good cigar.

I never reached the corner.

Not on that trip.

As I neared it I beheld a procession advancing.

Instinctively I knew what it was. It was dollars to cents that Beauty was mixed up into it.

My instinct was right.

Beauty was there, the bright particular star of the pageant.

She was in the custody of our family butcher.

Our family butcher looked as if he was irate.

I soon found out that he was.

With a flushed and excited visage, he remarked:

"Vell, young veller, you vos yooost de von I vant to see."

"Why, Jake?" I asked, as coolly as possible, "what is the matter? You look riled."

He glared at me.

"Hey, Misder Ed," he said, "I vant a vorrud mit you!"

"All right, Hen. Just let me know what is rankling in your bos-m against me?"

"Enough. Dot dog mit yours goom down my putcher shop py."

"You ought to feel flattered."

"Why?"

"It shows that he knows where they keep good meat."

"So I do. Dot you vill find oud."

"How?"

"Py der brice, und dot dog took only the best—von durkey."

"Swei schicken."

"He must like poultry."

"A rabbit dot I had in front mit der score."

"Shows he's a society dog and goes in for game."

"Dot vos all right. Chust wait till you bays der pill."

"What bill?"

"For tamage done py your dog."

"I couldn't help it. I was not there at the time."

"But you vos responsible for vot dot dog does."

"Who says so?"

"Vun mit your family."

"Who?"

"Dot uncle mit yours."

Again my uncle.

If just then the news had arrived that he had been blown up by spontaneous combustion not one tear would I have shed.

Rather would I have made the welkin ring with joy.

"How much is the bill?" I groaned.

At this question he cooled down considerably.

"I knew it would pe all righd in der end," he said, "und der pill vos put a drife."

"How much?"

"Very schmall."

"Hang it, if you don't tell me I won't pay you at all."

This awful threat settled the butcher.

"Vell," says he, "I lumps der whole peezeess und galls it five tollars."

"What?"

"Yaw. Dirt cheap. Bouldry und meat vos vorth dere veight in gold."

"Dirt cheap," I indignantly said. "It is a regular bunco game!"

He only shrugged his shoulders.

"All righd," said he complacently, "but I gets mine money."

"Where?"

"At dot office mit der 'HAPPY DAYS.' I know where id ain'd."

I pretended to laugh at him, but really I but little liked so doing.

How the genial fun-loving spirits at the office would make fun of me and my prize. So I compromised.

I paid him a dollar on account, and solemnly swore I would give him the rest as soon as I got any more money.

I am very, very sorry for his own sake,

for he has a large family of small children and doubtless needs the money. So I am sure do I. Charity is a noble virtue, and I need the balance more than he does.

But to make a brief sketch more briefer, here is the golden opportunity of your lifetime. That is, if you love a good dog to get one cheap.

Simply inclose ten cents in stamps in case I should not accept your offer, and I will let you know whether "Beauty" is yours.

Recollect she has no set price, for I mean to sell her to the highest bidder.

The ten cents is required as a guarantee of good faith between seller and purchaser.

Not at all will I let Beauty go under three dollars. If she ain't worth that she ain't worth anything.

Please don't all speak at once.

Address:

"ED,
"HAPPY DAYS OFFICE,
"New York City."

No. 6 OF HAPPY DAYS WILL CONTAIN THE OPENING CHAPTERS OF A GREAT STORY. YOU DON'T WANT TO MISS IT.

Answers to Correspondents.

To Correspondents.

Do not ask questions on the same sheet of paper with mail orders, as they will not be answered. Correspondents in sending number of questions, will aid us greatly by writing on one side of the paper only. If this is not done, questions will have to be rewritten by those who send them. As considerable trouble has been caused by those who fail to mention the paper in which they wish their answers to appear, NOTICE is now given that hereafter no letters will be answered unless addressed "EDITOR OF HAPPY DAYS, 34 and 36 North Moore St., N. Y. Box 2730."

SPICE.—The war indemnity paid by France to Germany was five milliards of francs, equal to about \$900,000,000.

INQUISITIVE.—"I will teach you to make shipping cases" is correct. The verb teach means to impart information, while the verb learn means to receive information or knowledge of any kind.

A READER.—Address your letter to Pennsylvania R. R. Ticket Office, Broadway, New York, and it will reach its destination. You will get full particulars as to the price of tickets and any other information you may desire.

CORN DOCTOR.—We cannot furnish the desired address. You would probably have to go under the instruction of some practical chiropodist. We would not advise you to be a corn doctor, as the field is limited and the doctors numerous.

RAIN IN THE FACE.—A canoe eleven feet long and weighing 75 pounds can be run by an electric motor, but it would require so many cells of caustic potash batteries to give the necessary voltage that it would be not only very costly but almost impracticable.

O. J. I.—We shall have some exciting stories during the coming winter season. 2 We are glad to know that you are pleased with the new form of our paper, and shall endeavor to make it the best and most interesting paper published in America. 3 Next season we shall give you some exciting stories about hunting and camping out.

MUSSOR.—The Greek language is now spoken in Greece. 2 We do not know of any other inventor than Edison who has the kinetoscope you mention. 3 Kinetoscope and kinetograph both mean a movable panorama. 4 A good paste to stick paper can be made by dissolving flour in cold water—just enough water to make it in a fluid state—set it on the fire and pour boiling water into it, stirring all the time until it thickens and is free from lumps. A little alum added to it will keep it from turning sour.

H. R. C.—Your questions would have been answered before but were mislaid. 2 We cannot furnish you with the names of all the rivers on the American continents. It will be a very instructive and amusing pastime for you to take a large atlas and trace them out yourself. 3 The total length of the Brooklyn Bridge is 5,889 feet; width, 85 feet; height, 135 feet above high water. 4 New York has 3,500 members of the police force; Brooklyn, 1,600; Philadelphia, 1,500; and Washington 300. You will hear from all of the authors mentioned during the coming winter.

ADAM G. GRANT.—There are numerous parts of the earth remaining unexplored, such as the Antarctic continent, the region surrounding the North Pole, and the interior of Newfoundland—only one person has been known to cross the island. 2 Such scenes may have existed years ago, but they do not occur at present. 3 The location of those towns has been described in the opening chapter of many of the stories about Jack Wright and Frank Reade, Jr. They are real characters. Air-ships are perfectly feasible, and it is only a question of time when they will be used extensively.

CALIFORNIAN.—We cannot supply you with single numbers of Frank Tousey's Boys' Weekly, but we can supply bound volumes embracing the first fifty-two numbers, viz.: Vol. 1, numbers 1 to 26, inclusive; Vol. 2, numbers 27 to 52, inclusive. The price is \$1.75 each, not prepaid. It would cost about 50 cents each to send by mail. 2 No. 313 of The Young Men of America contained "Gen. Crook's Boy Scout," "A Desperate Game," "The Link Boy of London," "Slippery Steve, the Cunning Spy of the Delaware," "The Haunted Lighthouse of Wreckers' Reef," "Harry Dare," "An Old Boy," by Tom Teaser, and "Laura Keen." 3 We can supply any number of THE WIDE AWAKE LIBRARY you desire upon receipt of five cents.

(Several letters remain over to be answered next week.)

Jack Wright and Frank Reade, Jr., the Two Young Inventors.

(Continued from page 8.)

up into the Mediterranean, and Jack's spirits revived, for he had driven her so hard that she made up for lost time, and now gained on her schedule.

"You seem to have everything mapped and timed," said Forrest to the inventor as they sat in the cabin that afternoon.

"Of course," assented Jack quickly. "I've got every inch of the way planned out around the world, and I know just exactly how long it is going to take this boat to go from point to point. In fact, I had it all laid out long ago, and feel confident I can beat Reade."

"Balloons and air-ships ought to make twice the speed a boat does."

"Very true," assented Jack. A mile a minute is quite easy for a balloon in a gale of wind. But Reade will have head winds all the way around the globe, by going from east to west. Besides, as I know by experience, an air-ship will meet with two delays to a boat one."

"You are running long chances though, ain't you?"

"So is Reade. In fact the risks are pretty fairly balanced between us."

Just then, Tim shouted down from the turret:

"Jack ahoy!"

"What do you want?"

"Come aloft a moment."

"What's the matter?"

"I reckon the screw's gittin' bound."

Jack ascended to the wheel-room where Tim was steering.

A glance at the indicators showed him that the Sea Serpent was then going along at a depth of 300 feet and that the screw was not making so many revolutions a minute as it should have done under 500 volts of current.

He gazed out at the glass dome and saw that they were in close proximity to the bottom, which was there a perfect wilderness of the most curious-looking big plants of a dark green color.

Enormous brown vines trailed over the sandy bottom, and squirmed up in the brine like gigantic snakes.

Branchy coral grew on all sides in the most beautiful shapes, some in reefs and others in the form of trees.

The dazzling rays of the electric light lit up the gloom, making the darting fish flash and sparkle like diamonds, emeralds and rubies, and showed Jack the lurking forms of hideous marine monsters, in nooks among the rocks watching for their prey.

He glanced back at the screw, and observed that its revolutions had caused it to wind a large quantity of seaweed around the blades.

Until it was removed the screw was bound to bind, and the boat could not make the rapid progress it should have made.

"There's nothing for it, but to go out and cut the kelp away," said Jack. "We will lose time by leaving it there."

"Ay, ay," replied Tim. "Shall I haul to?"

"Yes; drop her upon the bottom."

"D'y'e want me ter go out, wi' yer?"

"I may need your assistance."

"Down she goes then, my lad."

And opening the valves to let in ballast, Tim sent her to the bottom.

The Sea Serpent came to a pause amid the dense shrubbery, and Jack and Tim went below and put on their diving-suits.

Each took a knife and a short-handled ax and went out.

An enormous number of fish swam around the boat, attracted by her electric lights, thousands of water bugs, sea-urchins and sea spiders settled all over her hull, and the floating objects going by were arrested on their course by her hull.

Making their way to the stern, Jack and the sailor began to cut and tear away the encumbrance on the propeller.

It was a rather difficult task, but they persevered, and finally got it all off.

The old sailor then started back for the wire ladder, down which they had climbed from the exit chamber.

Jack remained behind a moment to see that the wheel was entirely clear of the obstructing weeds.

He then turned to follow Tim, when suddenly he caught sight of a pair of huge green eyes glaring at him out of a hollow in the mass of rock rising behind the boat. They were awful objects, protruding from an enormous dirty gray head covered with black spots, shaped like that of a crawfish.

Jack was fascinated for a moment by those fiery green orbs, and before he could fairly regain his self-possession a sudden and violent agitation of the water occurred as the beast flew at him.

Its enormous, lobster-shaped body had been contracted within a hollow den among the slimy rocks, but now, with startling speed it expanded, half a dozen long tentacles shot out, and Jack was seized!

He made an attempt to retreat, but

those awful arms squirmed around him in a deadly embrace, the suckers on the ends of the tentacles fastened onto him tightly, and he found himself unable to move.

Jack made a desperate effort to reach the knife in his belt, but the monster pinioned his arms to his sides in a vise-like grip, so that he was rendered utterly helpless.

He wanted to cry out to Tim for assistance, but the old sailor could not hear his voice, and having his back turned to the young inventor, he did not see what was transpiring.

An awful squeezing of the tentacles ensued. They grew tighter and tighter around Jack's body, until the stout diving-suit began to yield, and a terrible pressure was brought to bear upon all parts of the young diver.

He felt as if he would be crushed to death in that awful embrace and groaned with agony as it kept increasing.

But just then Tim glanced around and saw what was going on.

For an instant the old sailor was horrified.

Then he realized his young friend's peril, and drawing his ax he fearlessly descended from the boat and hastened toward the fish.

Just as Tim drew close to the monster and raised his ax to deal it a blow the calamity suddenly darted away through the water, holding Jack tightly in its tentacles.

After it through the dense vegetation hastened Tim, but ere he could reach the ugly object it arrived at a yawning chasm in the ground and plunged down into the dark abyss with Jack.

A yell of dismay escaped Tim as he paused on the brink of the gaping chasm and glared down at the big monster.

Jack felt a cold chill go over him when he saw where the huge calamity was plunging with him.

"By heavens, I'm lost!" he exclaimed.

CHAPTER IX.

THE KING OF THE BIRDS.

It was almost midnight when the Storm King collided with the ship in the fog, and the sudden shock and capsize flung Frank and Barney out of their bunks upon the floor.

The next moment they were rolled and tumbled with every article that was movable around the side walls, until at length they found themselves lying on the downturned ceiling.

In the pilot-house, it instantly occurred to Pomp that they had drifted down toward the sea, although he did not suspect that Dobbs had slackened the suspending wheel for that purpose.

Certain it was, that the moment he saw that a collision with the ship was coming, he sprang to the switchboard, and pressed a key.

It started the helices whirling at the top of their speed, causing the air-ship to right herself, slowly but surely.

Both the coon and Dobbs had been hanging on to the wheel.

As soon as the Storm King stood upright again, she began to pull and tug at her lodgment, between the fore and main masts of the big ship with which she had collided.

Pomp then stopped the driving screw, and reversed it.

That settled the matter.

She tore herself free, recoiled, and then shot up in the air.

Her bowsprit and rudder were broken, the stays had snapped and her bows were dented in from the force of the blow.

Up rushed Frank and Barney half dressed.

"What's the matter?" panted the young inventor anxiously.

"For some reason unknown to me," coolly replied Dobbs, "this air-ship gradually came down from a height of 500 feet into this fog and in the gloom plunged into a ship's rigging."

"De current wuz turned mos' out ob de helices an' vertical wheels," said Pomp.

"Faix, I thought she busted her biler," Barney commented.

The ship now vanished in the fog.

As they arose above it Frank stopped the Storm King.

He wished to learn the extent of her injuries, and going out he quickly ascertained all he desired to know although it was quite dark in consequence of the sky being covered by flying clouds.

The forestay had been snapped in two, and the braces holding the front helix-pole had been broken at the turn-buckles. Procuring the necessary tools, Frank began to repair the damage.

He soon had the helix braced again, and getting hold of the broken stay he climbed out on the end of the long, tapering bowsprit.

It was a frightful place to work, out on the extremity of that slender pole, with a tremendous depth yawning below.

Frank had steady nerves, and a cool, level head though.

He proceeded with his task, by splicing in a heavy turnbuckle, for the stay had parted about ten feet from the end.

Fastening the turnbuckle to one of the broken ends, he was just going to secure it to the other, when a loud whirring of wings attracted his attention, and glancing up, he beheld an enormous bird.

It was an eagle and the glaring search-light had attracted it.

The bird flew so close to Frank that he felt the draught from its huge flapping wings, and to drive it away so it could not interfere with his work he dealt it a blow with his fist.

It fluttered around wildly for a moment, then it soared away a short distance and swooped down upon the young inventor.

Frank now saw that the blow he dealt it had aroused its rage, and as he had no weapon to defend himself against its attack he realized that he was exposed to great danger of getting seriously hurt.

On came the mighty bird, and although the young inventor shouted and struck at it again and again that did not stop its attack.

The moment it reached him its huge wings beat him furiously.

Every blow was of remarkable strength, and Frank was knocked over.

He felt himself falling down into the awful abyss below, and made a desperate effort to regain his hold upon the bowsprit.

It was a failure, however, for his fingers slipped on the polished wood.

Another terrific blow of those powerful wings struck him, and as a despairing cry burst from his lips, down he went!

He felt himself plunging headlong toward the earth.

One end of the broken forestay was in his hands, slipping through them.

It was the short end which was fastened to the end of the bowsprit.

He had sense enough to tighten his clutch upon it, and just as the end of the wire cable was reached he checked his descent.

There he hung swaying at the end of the broken stay, none of his companions having seen what had happened to him.

Not far away the eagle was soaring in big circles, watching him.

The spiteful bird seemed to have a diabolical knowledge that Frank would perish if he were forced to relax his grip on the stay.

It therefore flew back at him with sudden fierceness, and beat him with its pinions and tore at him with its talons.

He could do nothing to defend himself, for he was obliged to hang on to the stay with both hands to save himself from falling.

In a moment his face and hands were covered with bleeding cuts and scratches, and he was in danger of being knocked from his hold.

Unable to withstand the savage assault, he shrieked wildly:

"Help! Barney—Pomp—help me! Oh, help—help!"

Loud and piercing his voice rang out in the silent region through which the air-ship was darting.

Dobbs heard it and dashed out on deck.

He instantly saw, by the glare of the search-light, what was transpiring.

It thrilled him with horror, but he made no move to aid the young inventor, for it occurred to him that if the eagle succeeded in knocking Frank from the stay, the race around the world would come to an abrupt end, and he would be one thousand dollars richer.

"Save me!" shouted Frank, catching sight of him.

"Wait until I get a rifle," replied Dobbs.

Then he dashed into the turret and went below, intending to linger there with the pretext of trying to find a weapon, until Frank fell.

Scarcely had he passed through the turret though when Barney, who heard what was said, ran out on deck and saw Frank's peril.

The startled Celt had a revolver in his pocket, and hastily pulling it out he aimed at the eagle, and fired several shots in rapid succession.

Every one of the bullets hit the bird.

It was killed and dropped down into the sea.

"Hang on, Masther Frank, an' I'll save ye!" roared Barney.

"Hurry up! My strength is most gone!" faintly answered the inventor.

The Irishman climbed right out on the bowsprit, and reaching the end, he laid down upon it, wound his legs around it, and reaching down he seized the stay, and began to hoist it up hand over hand.

It was a severe strain, for Frank was heavy, but the brave Irishman finally succeeded in seizing his companion's wrists.

The next moment he had Frank safely landed on the bowsprit, where they both sat panting stentoriously, and recovering their strength.

"Thank you, Barney; you have saved my life."

"Oh, you're very welcome. Bedad, it's a devil that eagle wor entirely."

"I never met anything so fierce and vengeful before."

"Be ther luck av yer mug, it waz aitin' yez alive."

"I don't mind these scratches. Let us finish mending the stay."

"Wid all me heart. Shure it's ther tin medal Dobbs do be affher gittin' fer his agility. While he's foindin' his gun, be-heavens you moight be makin' an angel av yourself."

"It's lucky for me you heard my shouts."

They then repaired the stay, and returned to the deck.

Fully a quarter of an hour had elapsed since Barney had pulled Frank up, and Dobbs now came bustling out on deck without a gun.

The moment he saw Frank and Barney, he realized what happened.

It filled him with intense chagrin, but he had to put a bold face on, and therefore exclaimed in cold, distant tones:

"What a pity you cheated me out of the pleasure of saving Reade's life!"

"If I hadn't," quickly replied the Irishman, "it's at ther bottom av ther say you'd ab'en fishin' fer him. Shure, an' I have ther loikes av a turtle at home I'd like ter pit agin ye in a race."

"Well, I did the best I could," said Dobbs, flushing angrily.

"An' that wuz nuthin' at all, at all!"

"Very true," said Dobbs, in freezing tones, "but I might have saved him."

"So yez moight, but begorra, yez didn't sail incoined ter do it!"

Dobbs darted a quick glance of apprehension at the blunt Irishman, for he feared that something in his actions might have betrayed his secret.

He saw that he was needlessly alarmed, however, as Barney suspected nothing treacherous, and had only spoken so, as he was greatly provoked.

"You are an insulting fellow!" he exclaimed haughtily. "I wish to have nothing to say to you about the matter. Mr. Reade, I sincerely trust you have confidence in my loyalty. If I could do nothing I hope you will take the will for the deed."

"Certainly," was Frank's noncommittal answer.

They then dispersed.

Several days passed by.

The flying machine ran for Japan.

In due time she reached those islands.

Here the weather was extremely warm.

Below the air-ship the scenery assumed a peculiar aspect.

It was late in the afternoon and Pomp sat on the forward deck splicing the end of a long wire drag-rope, with a grapnel on the other end, to a ring-bolt.

Frank was steering the Storm King, which was then gliding along about one hundred feet above the ground, and Barney and Dobbs were below.

There was a long country road below, leading from a seaport town to a pretty little village in which dwelt the local daimio, or governor, who was at that moment coming along the highway.

This lord high dignitary sat in a gorgeous jin-niki-sha, or two-wheeled carriage, which was being drawn by four coolies, and which was attended by a retinue of fan and umbrella bearers.

Ahead of it marched a troop of Japanese soldiers, and behind it came a number of palanquins, holding the daimio's family.

It was a magnificent cortege, brilliant with fancy colors, flashing with polished metal, and gay with fluttering banners.

The road was bordered by cypress and mulberry trees, and off to the right and left stretched great paddy-fields, over which hovered a flock of ravens.

A moment before the air-ship reached the road, above the heads of the daimio's party, one of the half naked, sandal-shod bettos, or grooms, saw the air-ship, and his yell of surprise called the attention of the rest to it.

The whole party paused and glared upward.

At the same moment a sudden puff of wind struck the Storm King on the port side, causing her to careen over, when the grapnel Pomp had been fastening toppled over the scuppers and fell earthward.

"Golly!" gasped the coon, hastily rising.

"Dar it go!"

Down shot the grapnel, and landing on top of the daimio's shaven head, it gave him a whack which wrung a yell of pain from his royal lips, and knocked him ingloriously out of his carriage senseless, into the road.

All his attendants thought he was killed, and uttering a wild howl, they gathered round him and filled the air with imprecations on the air-ship.

The grapnel did not go all the way to the ground, as the line was too short, but the arms caught in a cypress tree, and held the air-ship in check.

She would have curved downward in her flight, owing to the grapnel catching the tree branch, had Frank not seen what happened just in time to stop the driving wheels.

Then the Storm King paused.

No sooner did she stop, when a crowd of

the enraged Japanese saw how the drag line had caught, and seized it.

The sight of Frank and Pomp aboard the air-ship had given them to understand that it was an artificial contrivance, worked by men, and as they imagined the injury done to the daimio was intentional, they were resolved to vent their vengeance upon the Storm King's crew.

Hauling on the drag-rope, they pulled the air-ship toward the earth, and the native soldiers leveled their rifles at the flying machine, and began to pour a dangerous fire up at her.

Pomp rushed into the turret.

"Oh, Lawd amassy, we'se gwine fo' ter catch it now!" he gasped.

"What an unfortunate accident!" said Frank, with a frown.

"Be heavens," roared Barney, rushing in, "have we lit on a volcano?"

"What's the trouble? What's the trouble?" shouted Dobbs in alarm, as he followed the Celt.

"Arm yourselves, quick, and defend the air-ship!" cried Frank, ringingly. "A gang of Japanese are attacking us!"

No further explanation was necessary, and all hands rushed away.

It was impossible to prevent the furious Japanese pulling down the Storm King, as they had the dragrope braced around the tree.

In a moment more the air-ship struck the ground with a bang, and a crowd of the yelling natives swarmed up on her deck brandishing their weapons.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CUT OUT STAMP COUPON No. 2 THIS WEEK AND SAVE IT. ALL THE STAMPS ARE GOOD ONES.

[This story commenced in No. 1.]

MAZEPPA No. 2,

— THE —

Boy Fire Company of Carlton;
OR,

Plucky Work on Ladder and Line.

By ROBERT LENNOX,

Author of "Wide Awake Will, the Plucky Boy Fireman of No. 3," "Harry Hook, the Boy Fireman of No. 1," "Dick Dasher, the Boy Bicycle Rider," etc., etc.

CHAPTER X.

THE LINE—THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER.

TOM HAZEN was the only one who went down with the roof.

The others happened to be just near enough to the roof of the next building to escape the catastrophe.

For a moment or two Tom believed his usual good fortune had deserted him, and that now it was all up with him.

The flames burst through the broken roof in several places near him. He pulled himself together, and looked around him as well as the dust and smoke would permit.

The walls surrounded him on four sides. He seemed to be in an immense furnace, with a terrific fire underneath it.

Quick as a flash he thought of the asbestos line, which he had round his waist for the first time at any fire. He had ordered one for each member of the company, fifty feet long, and with a strong iron hook attached.

Asbestos would not burn even in the hottest fire, and that fact caused him to order the lines made in New York.

He almost cried out in his joy as he quickly unwound the line from around him. Then he cast the iron hook up to the top of the wall.

It failed to catch, and fell back at his feet.

Taking it up he threw it again—this time clear over the wall.

It caught against something and he pulled hard on it to test the hold.

It seemed to be fast and gathering all his strength he pulled himself up, his feet against the wall.

Just as he reached the top Dan Allen saw him and with a cry of joy sprang forward and pulled him over on to the other roof.

There he lay like one dead, having inhaled smoke and dust to the extent of suffocation.

"Here, Jack, let's take him away," Dan cried out!

Jack and Dan bore him still farther away to the next roof beyond.

His trumpet remained below with the wreck of the roof, but the boys did not think of that.

They heard the cry of:

"Save Tom, save Tom!" come up from below.

Jack Thorn ran to the end of the building and sang out:

"Tom is safe!"

"Where? Where is he?" came up to him.

"Up here on this roof!" he replied.

A shout of joy went up from the street, for all had been sure Tom Hazen was at last a victim of the element he had fought so heroically.

"Bring him down! Bring him down!" they called.

The Chief of the Fire Department came up and saw him just coming to where he lay on his back.

"We must get him down from here," he said to Jack.

Tom came to quickly when he got started, and when they lifted him up to take him down the ladder, he said:

"Just wait a few minutes and I can go down myself."

They laid him down again, and the chief asked:

"Are you hurt?"

"I don't think I am, but I am full of smoke and dust."

"It might have been worse."

"Yes, I thought it would be, too."

"Yes, we all thought that."

All the firemen fought the flames like heroes, and by degrees got the mastery of it.

Tom soon went down the ladder, and was received with yells of joy by even the members of the rival companies.

When the fire bell clanged, and called the firemen to their post of danger, the visitors remained at the hall of Mazeppa No. 2, hoping the firemen would be able to return soon.

They went on with the dancing, while a few ran to the fire, to see how long it would last. In the midst of a dance a young man rushed into the hall, and sung out:

"There was an explosion and Tom Hazen went down with the roof."

Dora Pelham was not dancing at the time, but sitting with the elderly lady who had come with her.

She turned deathly pale and sank back in her chair in a swoon.

Dollie Raines gave a shriek and came near fainting, as did several other women in the hall.

The elderly lady companion of Miss Pelham called for water.

Some one brought her a glass of ice water and she dashed it into her face. She came to with a gasp.

"Please call a carriage," the elderly lady said to a bystander, and in a few minutes the carriage was announced.

The two ladies were assisted out to it and placed inside.

"Where to?" the driver asked.

"To the Carlton House."

The rest of the visitors soon left the hall. Many repaired to the fire, urged by a morbid curiosity to look upon the flames that were consuming the flesh and bones of the daring young fireman. Among the latter were the Widow Raines and her daughter.

They crowded in among the throng of people in the vicinity, and heard the comments of men and women on the fate of Hazen.

"Tom Hazen dead!" exclaimed a man when he heard it. "Don't you believe a word of it. That fellow has more lives than a stack of cats. Old Nick himself couldn't keep him in the fire."

"But I saw him go down with the roof," said another.

"That may be, but I'll bet you'll see him again if you don't go blind."

The other man shook his head.

"You are right, my friend," said a third man. "You can't roast Tom Hazen. I've seen him where it seemed hopeless for him and yet he got out. I saw him go down with the roof, but somehow I guess he got out."

"Of course he did," said a fourth man. "He is down on the ground now, talking with the chief."

Dollie Raines sprang forward, caught the last speaker by the arm and asked:

"Oh, sir, do you know that to be true?"

"Yes, I do, for I was near the other side when he came down. I don't know how he got out, but he did."

"Oh, I am so glad!" and despite her effort to keep calm she burst into tears. Her mother led her away and returned to their little home.

It took the firemen pretty near all night to put out all the fire.

The buildings were all of frame on that block and great fears were entertained for the safety of the entire block, hence none of the companies were allowed to leave the scene of conflagration until every spark had been extinguished.

When Dora Pelham returned to the Carlton House it was not known that she had been to the engine house of Mazeppa No. 2 Company. She had left the hotel in the afternoon to visit a lady who had been a schoolmate of her mother. While there she heard one of the young people say a party would go to the engine house that evening and a sudden impulse urged her to beg the lady of the house to go with her.

They went and no one there knew them, much to their gratification.

When in her room once more Miss Pelham seemed completely prostrated and Mrs. Morton wanted to summon a physician.

"No, no!" she said. "Just let me sleep, please," and they left her alone.

In the morning she seemed to have slept but little during the night.

"To think he had believed me ungrateful," she said to herself, as she stood before the mirror arranging her hair. "He said he never received any note from me. I must see Cousin Al about that. He told me he had mailed it instead of giving it to him in person. Strange he never received it. I know Cousin Al thinks him a dishonest man, but I cannot think so, and I am glad I told him so before he went to his death. Oh, it seems so strange that one so brave, so ready to risk his life for others should perish so horribly! I will send for a paper and see what good they say of one so brave."

She rang for a servant and asked that a morning paper be sent up to her.

It soon came, and with hands trembling and eyes ready to fill with tears, she sat down to read it.

Suddenly she sprang to her feet with a cry of joy, but as quickly checked herself.

"Oh, I might have known it," she said. "They did think he was lost, but I might have known the Fates would be kind to him. Heavens, what narrow escapes he has had within the last two weeks! And he, too, but a mere youth, while there are so many older firemen than he. Oh, I am so glad he is alive! I shall see him and have him tell me about not receiving my note."

She sang as she completed her toilet and her aunt and cousin came in to congratulate her on being so well after her indisposition of the night before.

"I never felt so well in my life," she said to them.

At the breakfast table she was told by her uncle that young Hazen had made a remarkable escape the night before.

"Yes, I have read the account of it," she replied. "He is a most remarkable young man, and must really bear a charmed life."

"It really does look as though he did," her aunt remarked.

"Yes, indeed," assented Miss Morton.

Al Morton said nothing.

He had seen her receive her diamond ring from Jim Bryan, with his report how he recovered it, and knew that she believed the young fireman to a thief—at least he thought that way.

After breakfast she said to him:

"Cousin Al, I am going to pay Mazeppa No. 2 a visit at their hall some evening this week, and would like to have you go with me."

"You really don't mean it!" he said.

"Yes, I do. I don't believe he received my letter, and I am going to tell him how grateful I am for saving my life at the risk of his own."

"Cousin Dora, you know what he is. Why should you wish to come in contact with such a man—or boy? They are all alike, too, all of the common rabble of the workshops."

"If a dog saved your life would you not be grateful to him?" she asked.

"A human being and a dog are very different."

"Yes, and a human being devoid of gratitude, lacks one great requisite of humanity."

That made him wince.

"I am not lacking in gratitude, but—"

"Then come with me and help me show my gratitude to one who saved my life. I am going to send word to him that we are coming to the hall to-morrow evening."

"I would not advise you to do that. Better talk to father about it first," and Al seemed to be very much worried over it.

Then he said in a half whisper:

"You have no idea what a rough, uncouth fellow he is."

"Yes, I have. I have seen him since the night of our fire."

"You have! Where?" and he seemed very much astonished.

"At Mazeppa's hall," she replied.

He started like one shot, and asked:

"Have you been there?"

"Yes, and danced with him."

He turned pale as death and walked away, leaving her alone near the window.

CHAPTER XI.

THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER MAKES A DISCOVERY.

It would be extremely difficult to describe the emotions that filled the soul of Al Morton, when his beautiful cousin told him she had not only seen the young fireman, who had saved her life, but had danced with him. He could not have described them himself, for he was in such a whirl that anything like reason and judgment seemed impossible with him. He loved her to such extent that he was willing to do anything—commit any crime—

for her sake, or for the sake of making her his own.

She had not really encouraged him, nor had she discouraged him. She had accepted his attentions more as a homage to her sex, and relationship to the family, than to a more tender passion.

He had told her he had loved her, but she seemed to look upon it as a cousinly love, not that of a lover, and so she laughed and danced and flirted with him till his head was turned and his heart in a perpetual flutter.

He knew her generous, romantic nature and now that she had again met the handsome, daring young fireman who had saved her life, he had reason to feel alarmed.

"If they meet often," he muttered to himself, "they will fall in love with each other and then I am done for. I was afraid of that all along, and that is why I sent the Bryans to make believe they had found her ring in his possession. I thought it had succeeded and that she believed him to be a disreputable character. I don't know what to make of her going there, and that, too, without letting any of us know of it. I'll have to go with her and keep right by her side all the evening. I can't see how he can have the cheek to face her while I am there. But Lord! That fellow's cheek is so hard that even red hot fire has no effect on it. If he presumes too much I'll mention the ring matter right before his face and that'll knock him silly, I'm sure. His confusion will show that he is guilty. If she once gets it into her head that he is a thief she would never speak to him again. Yes, I'll go with her and make sister go along too."

The hall of the boy fire company was like a fairy bower that evening. Evergreens and flowers of every description adorned the walls. It was brilliantly lighted, and every member wore his neat fireman's uniform, and was eager to show his appreciation of the visit of the governor's daughter.

Invitations had been sent out to a number of other ladies and gentlemen, so that a crowd of friends was on hand, when Miss Pelham, with Al Morton and his sister arrived.

Tom came forward to receive them. He ignored Al altogether and escorted the two ladies to seats prepared for them.

"Why, I didn't know you were going to have such a crowd here this evening," Miss Pelham said to him as she sat down.

"We decided to do what we could to make your visit pleasant," he replied, "so we sent out for friends and music. May I have the first dance with you?"

"Yes, of course; but really I did not dream of dancing."

He laughed, and said:

"You see, with us the unexpected is always happening."

"Yes—you were not expecting that roof to fall in with you the other evening, were you?"

"No, indeed, and if I had you can rest assured I would not have been on it. I have no desire to be roasted."

"It was perfectly awful. The news came that you were killed, and you can't imagine how grieved we all were when we heard it."

"Thank you. I am glad some people think enough of us to sympathize with us. I lost all hope that night myself, and but for this line I would not be here now," and he laid his hand on a coil of lead-colored line the size of one's little finger that encircled his waist.

"Oh, that is the asbestos line I read about, is it? Do let me see it!" and she reached out and examined it carefully.

"How strange it is it won't burn, isn't it?"

"Yes, it will remain whole in the hottest fire any length of time."

"It must be a boon to firemen."

"It is indeed."

"Mr. Hazen, I want you to bring Mr. Thorn and introduce him. He came very near losing his life that night. I want to tell him how much I admire his courage and daring exploits that evening. Is he here?"

"Yes, and he'll be too proud to walk when I tell him what you have just said."

She laughed and said:

"Well I mean every word of it."

Just then the Mayor of the City, accompanied by his wife and daughters, entered the hall, creating quite a commotion, for they were not expected.

"Please excuse me a few minutes," Tom said to her and Miss Morton. "I must give the mayor a welcome," and he hastened to meet the party.

"Ah, your honor," Tom said, bowing to the party, "this is an unexpected honor, and I welcome you and your friends in the name of Mazeppa No. 2."

"Ah, my boy," replied the mayor, giving him a hearty shake of the hand, "we feel honored ourselves. We have come to spend an hour with you just to show your brave boys that we are proud of you."

That was too much for the boy firemen. They broke into cheers for the mayor, and the band struck up Hail Columbia, as Tom

escorted the party to seats near where the Morton party were.

The mayor's wife and daughters were acquainted with the governor's daughter, and so it soon became a most pleasant party in that end of the hall.

Al began an animated conversation with the mayor's eldest daughter, and asked her to dance with him when the music began. Tom led Miss Pelham out on the floor, and began the waltz with her. A dozen other couples followed.

"You said the other evening you had not received any note from me," Miss Pelham said to Tom, as they circled round the room.

"Yes, and I repeat it," he replied. "How did you send it?"

"I gave it to my Cousin Al to hand to you in person, and not finding you he sent it by mail."

"Ah! That accounts for it!"

"What does?"

"Yes, as many as you please."

"Did you take a ring from my hand on the night of the fire?"

"No, I did not."

"Do you know you have been charged with having done so?"

"Yes. Two men, claiming to be detectives, came to my room the next morning after the fire and asked me to let them look for a ring in my clothes. They claimed to have found it there, to my astonishment. I told the chief of the fire department about it, and he and five others have sworn that they saw it on your hand while your cousin was bearing you away in his arms. As I never saw you again that night, I could not have taken it. It was taken by some one else and used in an effort to ruin me."

"But why should any one wish to ruin you? Have you an enemy?"

"Yes—your cousin."

"Is he the only one?"

"Certainly. Your wishes shall be my law in the case."

"That's good of you. May I present you a trumpet in the place of the one you lost the other night?"

"I would prize it as I would my life, Miss Pelham."

"I am afraid you don't prize your life high enough. That's why you get into such dangerous places," and she smiled sweetly at him.

Ere Tom could make any reply she added:

"My cousin is coming for me. Let's have another dance," and she took his arm and went out on the floor with him, leaving her cousin grinding his teeth in jealous rage.

CHAPTER XII.

THE DARING RIDE BEFORE THE ENGINE.
As his eyes followed his fair cousin waltzing around the room with the hand-

"I don't think so. It will break up the gentlemen, though."

"I'll risk that."

"And I'll risk the other," and both laughed softly as they danced.

In a little while they left the floor, and made their way down-stairs to the engine room, where the flower bedecked engine stood.

"Oh, it's a beauty!" she said, as she gazed at the engine. "That is the driver's seat up there, is it?"

"Yes."

"Let me get up there," and she climbed upon the seat, laughing gaily as she did so.

Just then Al Morton was seen coming down the stairs.

"Give me a fireman's hat, please," she said to Tom, and when he did so she placed it on her head, and looking down at her cousin, called to him.

"Just look, cousin! I'm a real fire-girl, ain't I?"

Clang!

Clang!

The great fire bell struck!

Tom sprang forward to lift her from the driver's seat.

At the same moment the well-trained horses dashed from their stalls and took their places on either side of the pole, while the harness dropped down upon them from above where they were kept suspended.

"Come down! Jump!" cried Tom, extending his arms toward her.

She jumped, but somehow she struck one of the horses and fell on the pole between them. She caught the harness with her right hand and saved herself. But the spirited animals dashed away at the signal.

Tom uttered a cry of horror, but managed to throw himself completely over the animal's back, grabbed Dora round the waist and seated her on the other one's back.

Quick as a flash she caught hold of the saddle of the horse, and cried out to Tom:

"I am all right now! I am a good rider!"

He stood on the pole by her side, and kept an arm round her waist, and in that way they went thundering down the street, through the heart of the city.

People stopped and stared, but none knew the daring girl on the horse.

She was indeed a fearless horsewoman, as Tom soon found out, for she sat on the horse like a queen.

When they reached the scene of the conflagration, and the horses were unhitched, Tom quickly assisted her to the ground.

"Do your duty," she said to him. "I will wait for you if no one comes after me."

He ran forward bareheaded, for he had placed his helmet on her head in the engine house. He was giving orders quick and fast through a tin trumpet, when she rushed up to him and placed his helmet on his head, amid the cheers of the firemen and spectators. She then hurried back out of the way, and was met by the fire chief, who said:

"You have made a tremendous sensation to-night."

"I didn't mean to. It was an accident. I was run away with," and she laughed as she made the remark.

"Then I shall have to order them all under arrest for abduction," the chief replied.

"Don't do it till I complain, please," said she. "I really didn't dream of doing such a thing, and I am the one to blame. I enjoyed the wild ride."

"But your friends at the engine house are in great fear for your safety."

"I am in no danger, am I?"

"No, not that I can see," replied the chief, and he looked up at two firemen on the roof of the burning building who were moving about in the midst of black smoke and burning sparks.

"Who are those men up there?" she asked him.

"They are Tom Hazen and Jack Thorn, of Mazeppa No. 2."

She started as if stung and her face paled.

"Why don't some of the men of the other companies go up and risk their lives too?"

"They have. There are three others of the Vigilantes up there—there's one now, that man on the left!"

She gazed up at them like one bewildered, and then suddenly asked:

"Which one is Tom—Mr. Hazen?"

"The one on the right, with the trumpet in his hand."

"But why don't they come down? Why do they stay there?"

She was growing terribly excited.

"They are trying to prevent the spread



SAVED BY A WATERSPOUT.—JUST AS I LOOKED, A REGULAR BLAZE OF LIGHTNING LIT UP THE WHOLE HORIZON, AND THERE, RIGHT BEFORE US, WERE THE THREE JUNKS ALREADY PITCHING AND TOSSEING LIKE MAD IN THE BILLOWS FLUNG IN ADVANCE BY THE TREMENDOUS TEMPEST. THEN ALL WAS DARKNESS AGAIN.

"Yes, up to that time."

"Will you bring the chief to me when we end the dance?"

"Yes."

"Then lead me to a seat in another part of the hall, please, and bring him to me at once."

Tom did so, and in a few minutes the chief was engaged in an earnest conversation with her.

When she had talked with him for a few minutes, she said:

"Please let me see the others, one by one."

Tom brought up the others and she questioned them as to their having seen the ring on her finger after her cousin took her from Tom.

"Will you swear to what you have told me?" she asked of each one.

"Yes, indeed," was the reply.

"Then keep all this a secret until I ask you to repeat it, please."

They readily promised to do so, and then she said to Tom:

"I am sorry you have had to submit to such an outrage, and I am at a loss to understand why it was committed. I believe you are utterly innocent of any wrong doing, and shall give my cousin a punishment he will not soon forget. But promise me you will not take any action in the matter without first letting me know of it."

some young fireman, Al Morton developed into a human fiend.

He loved her madly, and the crime he had already committed to keep her from recognizing her rescuer in a social way, was but the entering wedge to a more heinous one.

"It will turn his head," he muttered through clenched teeth. "She, the governor's daughter, he, a poor mechanic. She is romantic and generous and thinks it her duty to notice him and call him a hero and all that sort of thing. Oh, he can't help falling in love with her. He won't try to help it. As sure as the sun shines and the stars twinkle, just so surely will I kill him if he comes between us!"

There was a savage gleam in his eyes and his lips were drawn tightly over his teeth as he muttered this to himself.

He had never been bound by any good principles in his life. Now he was a savage fiend deep down in his soul, and his fiendishness was of a nature that would stop at nothing.

While they were dancing Dora Pelham said to Tom:

"When we stop dancing take me down-stairs and show me the engine. I don't intend to dance with him this evening."

"Certainly, with pleasure."

"But tell me—have you engaged to dance with any other lady in the hall?"

"No, I have not."

"Then stick to me till some one else takes me off your hands."

"But that's just what I don't want any one to do," he replied.

"Oh, that would make some of the other girls angry."

"He never mailed it."
"But he says he did."

"All the same I am quite sure that he did not."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because he hates me and didn't want me to get it."

"I know he does not like you, but why does he hate you?"

"Do you not know?"

"No."

"Has he never told you that he and I exchanged blows in front of the Carlton House just a few minutes before the fire bell sent me to his father's burning house?"

"Why, no! I never heard of that! What in the world was it about? I didn't even know you two were acquainted."

"Really, I don't think I ought to tell you. Dick Allgood, and Randy Richardson were witnesses."

"But why should you not tell me?" she asked him.

"Because I think it would be in better taste on my part to let others do so."

"Will you let me ask you some questions?" she asked.

of the flames," the fire chief explained to her.

Al Morton dashed through the police line, seized her by the arm, and said:

"The carriage is here, cousin! Come away. This is no place for you."

"I can't go yet," she replied, not even looking at him.

"I tell you this is no place for a lady. Come to the carriage," and he used enough force to cause her to turn on him with:

"Go back to the carriage and leave me alone, Al Morton!"

He quailed under the gaze of her eyes. He had never seen her look that way before.

But he turned to the chief and said:

"Can't you persuade her to come away, sir?"

"If you do not leave me I'll call the police to take you away!" she said in a very determined tone of voice, and he turned and made his way back to the carriage in which sat his sister, leaving her there with the fire chief.

"You are very much excited, Miss Pelham," the chief said to her. "You should return home with your—"

"How in the world are they ever going to get down from there?" she exclaimed, looking up at the men on the roof of the burning building. "Oh, the flames have burst through! They must come down at once! Why don't you call them down?"

"They will come soon—as soon as necessity demands."

Boom!

There was an explosion, and an immense cloud of dust, cinders and smoke went up, cutting off all view of the five men on the roof.

A piercing scream went up from Dora Pelham and the chief caught her round the waist to lead her away.

"Come away," he said, hurriedly. "The walls may fall and bricks fly in every direction when they strike stone pavements!"

He actually ran with her right into the crowd of spectators in his eagerness to get her out of the way of danger.

Then she called to him:

"Stop, please! I won't leave till I know the worst!" and she turned and looked up at the roof of the burning building again. The five firemen were not there.

Not one was in sight.

A cry of horror went up from the crowd on the street and her face assumed almost an ashen hue.

"There they are!" cried some one in the crowd near where she stood.

"Where?" she almost shrieked out.

"Sliding down a line from the top of the wall!"

She caught glimpses of a human form sliding down a slender gray line.

The line did not reach to the ground, and a ladder was run up to meet him.

Then another and another was seen coming down.

The suspense was terrible.

"Oh, the wall shakes! It's going to fall!"

"Look out!"

"Stand back! Stand back!"

"Oh, Heaven save them!" cried a shrill, girlish voice, as the crowd surged back out of harm's way.

"Look! Look! He hangs on the line, and the red flames play on him from that window!"

Bill Saxton turned the stream on him.

It was not known who he was in the tremendous excitement of the moment.

"See! His clothes are burning! Ah! he drops. Oh, oh!"

People buried their faces in their hands to shut out the sight of a brave man dropping to his death.

They looked again and saw another.

"It's Tom Hazen!" cried some one.

"Save him!" screamed Dora Pelham.

and the next moment she broke away from the chief and ran full speed right up to the burning building.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HAPPY DAYS IS AND ALWAYS WILL BE THE BEST STORY PAPER PUBLISHED.

Saved by a Waterspout

BY JAS. D. MONTAGUE.

OLD Captain Afleck was remarkably free from that propensity to spinning yarns with which retired "salts" are generally credited. Yet it was known that his service of almost half a century on the ocean had been more than usually full of thrilling experiences, and that he could, if he chose, more than one tale unfold well calculated to "harrow up the soul" and "freeze the young blood" of the boys of Chebucto, who never lost an opportunity of doing their best to draw him out.

It was not often they succeeded, but when they did they were so richly repaid for their trouble that they returned to the

quest with fresh ardor. One day a quartette of them were so lucky as to catch him in a particularly communicative temper. He had dispatched a good dinner, his pipe was drawing well, the shady side of the big shed on the Lumber Wharf made an attractive lounging place that balmy summer afternoon; and so when Eddie Davis, a handsome boy to whom he was rather partial, eagerly pressed for a story, the old sailor could not find it in his heart to say no.

"All right, you young lubbers," said he, knocking the ashes out of his pipe to prepare it for another fill when his story was ended; "if you must have a yarn, I'll tell you about the good turn a waterspout once did us in the China seas."

"Oh, yes, that will be splendid!" chorused the boys, as they gathered closer about him, and settled down to the full enjoyment of the treat they felt sure was coming.

"Well, now, let me think, began the captain. "It wasn't far off in the forties, was it? and I was only second mate at the time. But, ah, my lads, the Roseneath was a right fine ship, and to be second mate aboard her was a better berth than to be skipper on some other craft I've served on. There were few vessels afloat then that could give back water to the Roseneath. She was in the China trade, making her two trips between Hong Kong and London a year, and if a man had the sense to take care of his wages and look after his chances, he could always make a nice bit of money by doing a trifle of trading on his own account. I don't mind saying I about doubled my pay every voyage, and I didn't throw it around when I got on shore either."

Howsoever, we'd stowed away a more'n usually big cargo of tea and silks and set sail for London, feelin' pretty certain that with any ordinary luck in weather we ought to get there a little before Christmas. We all liked the notion of doing that, and Captain Anderson put an edge on our appetite by promising the men an extra sovereign and the mates five sovereigns if we made port a full week before Christmas, so that the cargo might be on the market before the close of the year."

We started off in good style, and slipped down the China Sea with the wind full on our quarter for a couple of days. Then the wind changed into the west, and blew us right toward the Philippine Islands. We didn't like that, for the pirates had been pretty lively that year, and we weren't at all anxious for a brush with them, although we had fire-arms on board, and even a small cannon that the mate knew something about handling."

On the fifth day out the wind dropped to a dead calm, and we couldn't do anything but lie about the deck in any shady spot we could find—for it was as hot as a furnace—and whistle for the wind to come back. It wasn't the delay that fretted us so much as the fear of pirates. We were right in their territory so to speak, and if we got out of it before they sighted us we might count ourselves lucky and no mistake. So you may be sure we kept a sharp lookout toward the east, that being the direction in which the scoundrels would show themselves."

The long day dragged on without a sign of either breeze or pirates, yet there was a feeling in the air that gave us all the notion that something was about to happen. We felt restless and nervous, though we didn't know why. Not a man could keep still in one place for five minutes, Captain Anderson being the same as the rest of us. He paced up and down the poop deck like I've seen a tiger doing in his cage, and when the cabin boy came up to tell him his supper was ready he turned upon him as though he would like to bite his head off."

"Don't bother me," says he; "I don't want it just now."

Toward sunset the sky clouded over as if a storm might be working up, but the water still kept as smooth as melted lead, which indeed it very much looked like, having the color of the dark clouds above it.

Suddenly the first mate, who'd been up in the bows with his glass, came running back to the captain, his face like chalk and his eyes as big as grummet-holes in the mainsail.

"Look there, captain," he cries, holding up the glass to his eye, while he pointed off to the eastward. "What do you make out of that?"

The captain took a good long look, and then, letting the glass down, gave a groan that seemed to come from the very bottom of his heart.

"Pirates!" says he; "not a doubt of it, and they're coming straight for us. Three big junks full of men. They'll be on us before nightfall."

The bad news soon passed through the ship and, without waiting for any orders, the men all gathered in the waist to get the captain's word.

He, poor man, seemed stunned like for a moment or two. He had not much of a stomach for fighting at any time, and now,

just when he was looking forward to spending Christmas with his family, to have a tussle with pirates who were well known to go by the saying that dead men tell no tales—well, it was pretty rough any way you look at it.

But he was not the kind of man to stand still and let the sea wolves have their way with him. So giving his head a shake as though to say "It can't be helped; we must just do our best," he told the mate to serve out the muskets and powder and shot—big buckshot, better than bullets—and then went forward himself to see to the loading of the cannon.

We didn't lose much time getting ready, I can tell you, and presently we gathered in the waist again, twenty-five of us all told, including the captain, and a sturdy lot of men we were, with our minds made up to fight to the death. If the pirates did capture the Roseneath, we were bound anyway to make them pay dearly for their prize. Each man had a good musket and a well-sharpened cutlass, while ready to hand were all the axes, hatchets, and marline-spikes on board, so that we were not likely to run short of weapons. The cannon was on the fore-hatchway, double charged and crammed to the muzzle with buckshot and small scrap iron. There might be only one chance for a shot with it, the captain said, and we must try to do as much damage as possible.

Meantime, the pirate junks were coming up fast, while we lay as still as a log. They had some kinds of sweeps that sent them along at a good rate. I never was much of a coward, I'll say that for myself; but I don't mind confessing that it gave me a cold shiver to see those misshapen hulks of vessels creeping down on us when we could not move a hand's breadth, and to know that on board of them was a hundred or more of the cruelest, bloodthirstiest villains that ever breathed, who wouldn't leave a soul of us alive if they once got possession of the ship."

We were so intent watching them that we hadn't taken much notice of the weather, until all of a sudden it got as dark as pitch right over behind the pirates, and we couldn't help seeing that something was going to happen, and very soon, too."

I've been a good many years afloat, my lads, most as many as all your ages put together, but never before nor afterwards did I see such a sky or sea as I saw that night. Properly there ought to have been another full hour of daylight, but that awful black cloud, which seemed to rise right out of the sea, spread clear across the heavens until it got so dark that we could scarce see one another's faces, close as we were."

Not a man of us spoke, though I'm pretty sure some of us began to pray, when out of the very heart of this strange murky blotch there came two fine lines of flame close together, forking from the sea, and lengthening upwards with a kind of throbbing motion. The same moment I heard a noise like that of a big kettle boiling hard near by."

"Do you hear it?" says I to the first mate. "What does it mean?"

Before he could answer, a flash of lightning broke out right between the two fine lines of flame, and the bright glare showed the folds of a great cloud hanging like rolls of smoke pressed down above these terrible streaks of fire that were getting bigger every second."

"It's a waterspout—two of them!" shouted the first mate; "and they look to be making right for us."

"If they are, they've got to pass the pirates first," said Captain Anderson; and I knew by the tone of his voice that the same thought had come into his mind that had already been in mine."

When the lightning flashed we could see the three junks. Their crews had stopped rowing, and seemed to be in great confusion. The poor wretches were doubtless scared out of their wits, and had lost all thought of us in their concern to save their own lives."

"But waterspouts don't shine," says I to the first mate, for I couldn't believe at first they were waterspouts."

"Yes, yes," he answered, "they do sometimes. It's the phosphorus in the water. I've seen them shining as though they'd a streak of lightning stowed away in their coil."

All this time the fiery pillars were growing bigger and bigger, until they seemed like they were over a hundred feet high, although they were still a long way off. The lightning was playing all about them, very fierce and brilliant, and after the flashes followed peals of thunder, whose reverberations came rolling over to us across the motionless waters in a way that was enough to frighten any man."

And we were frightened. We made no bones about it, none of us, but just crowded amidships for company, feeling as though we couldn't breathe. If it hadn't been that every flash of lightning showed us the pirates quite plainly, I believe we'd have forgotten all about them, the new danger was so appalling."

The dead calm everywhere else made

that rotating luminous tempest as wonderful as it was terrible. Every moment the roaring at the base of the pillars grew louder, and seemed to be striving for mastery with the shrieking of the wind sweeping round and round in the narrow circle of which the waterspouts were the center."

We could easily make out the course of the spout by the sharpening of the strange golden fires which illuminated the revolving columns, by the whitening upon the right of the bed of foam out of which those huge masses of water rose, and by the increasing uproar of the seething spume. The nearer it came the more tremendous grew the blasts of thunder above it, following each jagged stroke of lightning with repeated detonations like broadsides from a line-of-battle ships."

Without knowing how I got there, I found myself alongside Captain Anderson, and saying to him in the space between the thunderclaps:

"Shall we try the cannon, sir? They do say it'll sometimes bring a waterspout down."

The captain gave a start as though he had been suddenly woke up."

"Yes, yes," says he in an excited way. "It's worth trying. Go forward and fire it off at once. And be sure it's pointing straight at the water spout."

So I called a couple of the men, and we hastened to the bow where the gun stood ready to be set off. But our fingers seemed to be all thumbs, and we couldn't get a match to light, or if it did, it went right out again; and while we were thus making fools of ourselves the spout was working nearer."

At last I succeeded in getting a match going well, and was just about to put it to the touch-hole, when one of the men caught my arm so quick that he made me drop it."

"What are you doing, you duffer?" I shouted, turning on him quite fiercely."

"Oh, just look, sir," says he, pointing out toward the spout."

Just as I looked a regular blaze of lightning lit up the whole horizon, and there, right before us—for after the first panic, their men had rowed our way with all their might in hopes of escaping the danger—were the three junks already pitching and tossing like mad in the billows slung in advance by the tremendous tempest. Then all was darkness again."

Appalled at the sight, I stood like a statue, until there came a sound as though the Falls of Niagara had dropped out of the sky. Such a rushing and roaring and splashing of water no words could possibly describe. The next instant I was struck by a heavy dash of water that fairly knocked me off my feet and drenched me to the skin."

The fall stunned me a bit, but I was soon up again, though I had to lay hold of the capstan to steady myself, for the ship was plunging and lifting like as though she were in a heavy cross sea. The fieriest pillars had vanished. So, too, had the lightning, and the thunder seemed to have passed over our heads and to be growling off westward."

Wondering if any damage had been done on board, or any of the crew hurt, I made my way astern. I found the men already running about trimming the sails according to the captain's orders, and getting ready to take advantage of the wind that had followed in the wake of the waterspout. A few questions satisfied me that we had suffered no harm, and I went to work with the others getting the ship to rights for sailing."

"Will we bear away westward, sir?" I heard the first mate ask Captain Anderson. "That's the last of the spout, and the pirates, too, I reckon, and a good riddance it is for us."

"Keep her off to the east first, Mr. Butler," was the captain's answer. "If there are any of these poor wretches afloat, it's not in my heart to leave them to drown like rats. Hang out your lights so they may be sure to see us."

We sailed right over the spot where the junks had been, but beyond some little wreckage, there was not a trace of them left. They had been completely wiped out with all their scoundrelly crews by the waterspout, which thus had saved us from a horrible death instead of destroying us as we feared."

It was a queer kind of a rescue, wasn't it, my lads? I doubt if ever another ship got out of so awkward a fix in so curious a way. We all felt very grateful to that waterspout, I can tell you, and no one of us more so than Captain Anderson, who got to London in good time for Christmas dinner with his family, after all, while I was particularly glad, because I sold my stock of fans and trays and other pretty things at a better figure than I could have got at any other time of the year, and that's the end of my yarn for this day."

A NEW STORY WILL COMMENCE IN NO. 6 OF HAPPY DAYS. WATCH FOR IT. YOU WILL LIKE IT.

HANDSOME HARRY

FIGHTING BELVEDERE.

— OF THE —

By CASTON CARNE,
Author of "Around the World on a Safe-ty," "Across the Continent on a Safe-ty," "We Three; or, The White Boy Slaves of the Soudan," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLVI

LOST.

In the depths of the Wood of Death, as the natives called it, wandered Handsome Harry and his men.

With languid eyes and weary limbs they plodded on in silence; and if by chance a man uttered a word or two, the answer was as brief; and in weariness they went forward silently again.

It was now high noon, and they had been walking since dawn on the backward track, as they hoped—without finding even a break in the wood above or below.

The same fear was in the heart of every man, that they had lost themselves; but no man ventured to utter it. With steady step they kept behind their leader, and trusted him through all.

At last they came to a spot where fires had been lighted, and, breaking through all discipline, every man rushed forward. An instant's pause, and then one great cry went up.

The fires were those they had sat by on the previous night; and without a guide in the shape of the sun or moon below, they had, in common with the inclinations of helpless travelers, performed a circle.

"Time lost," said Harry, bitterly.

"Not to mention ourselves," added Ira Staines. "But, speaking for myself, it doesn't matter a bit. I may as well die here as anywhere, for wherever it may be I am sure to have my shoes on."

"What is to be done now?" asked Tom. "Under ordinary circumstances I should suggest dinner, but as we have nothing to eat, why—"

"How you talk, Tom," interposed our hero. "We are not men to succumb under a dozen hours without food."

"Certainly not," rejoined Tom; "but I think that I may, under the circumstances, be permitted to suggest that a roast rib of beef to each man would be acceptable."

A general smacking of lips followed this allusion to the favorite joint of Old England, and Harry laughed in spite of himself. The men indulged in a general grin, and Ira Staines relieved his feelings by whittling a stick.

Harry removed his jacket, and, tossing down his cap, without giving any hint as to his intentions, began to ascend the nearest tree.

"No fruit there," said Tom.

"I am going to see which way the sun sails," was Harry's reply.

They watched him as he went up and up from branch to branch, swinging himself easily with his powerful arms, until he disappeared into the tangled mass of foliage above. When out of sight they could follow his movements by the rustling sound he made.

Presently his voice came down as if it were muffled.

"Tom—below!"

"Harry—above!"

"Right!" cried our hero. "The sun is on your side!"

"I'll back he's two hundred feet up," said Ira Staines, who had the instinct of his nation to invest money at all times if anything like a return was promised.

"Very artful," said Tom, "when he is nearer three. Tall timber this."

"Fairish," replied Ira; "but in our country we have stuff that would make these trunks look like walking sticks."

"Of course you have," said True, winking to himself—and then he whistled "Yankee Doodle." Ira whittled on with an unmoved face until Harry came down.

The exertion he had undergone had tried him a little in his weak state from want of food; but a minute's rest at the foot of the tree restored him, and he was ready to move on again.

"Score the trunks of the trees with your cutlasses," he said to the men, "and leave a bold white mark. Then if the cuts get out of line we shall know that we are going astray."

He put Tom and Ira at their head, and he came on in the rear, turning every few steps to watch their progress. As before, they had a tendency to walk in a circle; but a word now and then put them straight again.

Hours passed on, the wood as silent as the grave, and the only sounds heard were the slash of the cutlasses and Harry's

voice, as he guided them to the right or left. The men suffered from thirst and hunger, too, but they chewed bits of leather and lead, and uttered no complaint, officers and men buoyed up by hope in the success of our hero's plan.

But the day passed and the night came, and still the tall trees were on either side, standing like an army waiting for orders to march. Straight, bare trunks below, and dense fringe above—one tree so much like another that it was impossible, as one of the sailors remarked, to tell "t'other from which."

With the darkness a halt was called, and fires were lighted. All through the day the forest had seemed to be tenantless, but night brought the wild beasts from their lairs, and the wood echoed again with their howling.

The men looked about them a little anxiously, but Harry bade them not fear, telling them, what is a well known fact, that beasts of prey seldom pounce upon the white skins. Negroes and swarthy men they attack readily, but there is something in the pale face which keeps them back.

Some of the sailors with their cutlasses dug holes in search of a sort of truffle which is sometimes found in the woods, and they were so far successful as to be able to supply each man with about four ounces.

These were better than nothing, and the tars, having eaten them with a keen relish, resumed their lead and leather to make amends for the want of water.

Tom told them a story to while away the time, and a wonderful story it was—like one of Ching-Ching's, highly elaborated and polished. And as he finished it, a peculiar roaring sound was heard.

"Is that the sea?" cried Ira.

"No," returned Harry; "it is the tree-tops. A storm is rising."

"Why, there ain't a breath of air down here, sir," said one of the men.

"We are three hundred feet from the upper air," replied Harry.

"Well, I'm darned!" replied the sailor; and the others turned their quids of tobacco, lead and leather meditatively.

The roaring noise continued, until it resembled continuous thunder. A cracking and breaking of branches followed, and great masses came tumbling down.

The wanderers started up and took refuge against the trunks of the trees, as any of the boughs would have killed a man if they had struck him. Then followed a strange and appalling sight.

The fires were blazing merrily, and as the branches fell they caught at once. Harry saw the prospect of a huge bonfire, which might imperil their lives yet more dangerously, and he called out to all to lend a helping hand to drag them off.

Regardless of the peril, he was the first to drag back a bough. The others smartly followed his example; but the masses from above fell thicker and thicker, as if some giants above were resolved upon replenishing the fires. In ten minutes a flame full sixty feet high was rising.

Harry looked up, and through huge rents above beheld the stars. These rents had been made by the wind, the sole agent of this terrible commotion.

The breaking of timber and the rushing of the wind were now so loud that no human voice could have been heard, and Harry was obliged to signal to the men to come together. Dodging with great caution from tree to tree, they eventually managed to get near him, and stood in a compact mass against the trunk which gave him shelter.

He pointed to the flames and the forest, thereby signifying his belief that a general conflagration was impending. Then he raised his arm, and pointed forward against the wind.

It drove them a little out of their course, but it was their only chance of safety; and one by one they dodged to the next tree, choosing the moment which followed the falling of a branch for flight, in the reasonable supposition that another would not immediately follow it.

A great gap was now visible above the fire, the wind rushed in, bending down the flames which wrapped the trunk where Harry lately stood in a mantle of light.

"Just in time," thought Tom.

Whew! boom came the wind and another fall of timber. Millions of sparks leaped into the air, and a curling wreath of fire round several of the big trees told that they had caught.

With incredible fury the conflagration now assumed gigantic proportions, spreading out right and left and forging ahead like the waves of an advancing tide. The whole forest was lighted up, and the track before our hero and his men was a blood-red plain, darkened with the stripe-like shadows of the trees.

The imposing nature of the disaster held them spell-bound for a while, but the advance of their leader put them in motion again, and with as much speed as they could assume in the surroundings they hurried on.

CHAPTER XLVII.

SNARING THE LION.

DAYLIGHT found the pirate captain and the Arab upon their way, followed by the sad cavalcade of prisoners and mules. Neither of the two men was in a talking mood, and for hours they walked without exchanging more than monosyllables until a broad, blue line uprose in the sky and the sea was in sight.

Halting his mules and men under some trees Schelmo and the pirate went forward to inspect the position. Even there the slave trade was very difficult to pursue, and no wise man attempted to "run a cargo" without taking all needful precautions.

A sandy hillock gave them a view of a lovely little bay well sheltered by high cliffs, and under the lee of them was a long, narrow vessel with bare poles.

"That is the vessel of our good friend Cartouche," said Schelmo. "He does not expect us so soon. He and his crew are sleeping. I will arouse them."

The Arab fired off his fowling piece, and this brought up the head of a man from below, who glanced quickly about him, as if apprehending some danger. Schelmo was a good quarter of a mile away, but he succeeded in sending a shrill cry to the other's ears.

Leaping up, he revealed a close cropped, sallow complexioned Frenchman, dressed in a greasy suit of sailor's clothes. He was smoking a cigarette, which he took from his mouth and waved in reply.

Schelmo then descended, and the pirate followed. By the time they reached the shingle Cartouche and two men were there with a boat.

"Sacré! shall it be Schelmo?" cried the Frenchman. "Ah, and who is this—Brocken? Vell, vell, it is a welcome to my leetle ship?"

The pirate bowed a little haughtily as Cartouche, with a genuine French shrug, bade him welcome. The Frenchman was a low caste villain, and he felt it.

"If," he said, "I should vun day call de Capen Brocken my friend, how very proud I shall be."

"But thou art friends," said the Arab. "A leetle so," said Cartouche; "but the great Brocken plays a higher game than I do. He will not touch my hand."

"If that is what you want," said the pirate, loftily, "here is mine."

He held it out, and the Frenchman seized it as if it had been a prize.

"Friend and brother," he said, "come to my leetle ship."

They all got into the boat, and the men pulled them to the slaver. On climbing over the side a most offensive smell saluted the pirate's nostrils.

"Have you any on board?" he asked.

"A few—very few," replied Cartouche, "and dey are Foolahs, which keep very badly! Ah, I have to wait so long for de good Schelmo, dat I fear one or two die."

"And have you left the bodies in the hold?"

"Vat shall I take dem out for?" asked the Frenchman, elevating his shoulders and spreading out the palms of his hands; "it is very dangerous work to go down among such raging devils."

"You could scarcely expect to find them angels," said the pirate, and turning round he walked aft.

"Shall we settle about our cargo?" asked Schelmo.

"It shall be so," replied the Frenchman.

"Here?"

"No, down below."

They went down the ladder and entered the cabin which Cartouche used. Schelmo closed the door.

"Can we be overheard?" he said.

The Frenchman pointed to some list nailed round the door. Schelmo took a seat.

"Our friend above," he said.

"Yes, yes," returned the Frenchman, eagerly, "vat of him?"

"He wants a passage by your ship."

"Yes; and I must give him one," said Cartouche.

"By all means," said the Arab; "but let it be as a slave."

"Eh?" exclaimed the Frenchman, doubting what he heard.

"As a slave," repeated Schelmo; "he is no friend of thine or mine. He has lost all; he is hunted and almost tracked down. They will hang him shortly. Better let him live, and make money out of him."

"But who will buy him? He is white," said the Frenchman.

"I have here," said the Arab, producing a flask, "a potent dye which, once rubbed into the skin, can never be removed. It will make him black as night."

"But his hair, his tongue, good Schelmo?"

"In the south they will not stand for these; take him there."

"But how to secure him, Schelmo? He is a very lion."

"Leave it to me. Have you two strong, trusty men?"

"A dozen, good Schelmo!"

"Bring them here."

Cartouche pressed a small knob in the wall, and the faint sound of a far-off bell immediately followed.

This brought a tall, burly fellow into the cabin, who gave a rough salute and asked what was wanted.

"Is Fabian on board?"

"Yes."

"Bring him here, with some good serviceable rope, Hans."

"Yes, sir."

He departed on his errand, and Schelmo proceeded to explain his scheme.

"See here," he said; "thou shalt send for Brocken, and he will come. I will stand here with this cloth, thy men there with the rope. He comes in, I toss the cloth over his head, thy men must be ready with the rope to bind him swiftly, and so he is taken. Say, is it well?"

"It is well," said Cartouche; and Hans and Fabian now came in.

Another man was wanted to take the message to the pirate, and he was summoned the same way as the first. The message was given, the man departed, and the conspirators took up their respective stations.

The bold footsteps of the pirate came down the ladder, and the door was thrust open with very little ceremony.

"You sent for me?" he said.

"Vell, yes," replied Cartouche; "you see, good captain—"

"Ah!" cried the pirate, and the rest of his utterance was only muffled sounds. He struggled fiercely but blindly, and Hans and Fabian secured him in a trice. Then Schelmo removed the cloth.

"So," said Cartouche, "you are in de toils."

The pirate met his look boldly and scornfully.

"Go on, you French poodle," he said.

Cartouche seemed to be direfully exasperated with this epithet, for he cut sundry capers peculiar to his countrymen. When he got a little calmer he recovered his address, the Arab looking on with a quietly amused face.

"Pshaw!" he said, "you a big pirate capen, you a little mouse! You vant a passage in my leetle ship? You shall have vun. You turn up your nose at de stink of my hold; ah! you shall smell him so vury much dat you smell noting else all de days of your life. But before you go you shall be painted, so that you shall be a man and a brother. Ha, ha! Cut off his clothes, Hans and Fabian, and I shall do de artistic work. I am vury fond of painting."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

YOU NEED NOT BE AN ARTIST IN ORDER TO MAKE A FUNNY FACE FROM CIRCLE PRINTED ON PAGE 2. TRY IT.

Effect of Great Heat.

THE discomfort and suffering caused by the unusual heat of the summer just passed causes one to wonder how men support life in Africa, which is undoubtedly the hottest part of the world. Mungo Park, the intrepid pioneer of the Dark Continent, remarks upon the awful heat produced by vertical sun in a dry and sandy country, with a scorching wind blowing from the desert. The ground becomes unbearable to the naked foot, and even thoroughly seasoned negroes will not run from one tent to another without sandals. Often the wind from the Sahara was so hot that he could not hold his hand in the currents of air coming through the chinks of his hut without feeling sensible pain. At Massowah, on the shores of the Red Sea, James Bruce, the famous eighteenth century traveler, was astonished to find the heat had made his sealing wax more fluid than tar. It is affirmed that eggs may be baked in the hot sands of upper Egypt and Nubia; and the Arabs say: "In Nubia the soil is like fire, and the wind like a flame." When Bayard Taylor traversed the Nubian desert, he seemed to absorb the sun's heat until he glowed like a live coal. The skin of his face cracked and peeled off, and had to be anointed every day with butter, from the alternate buttering and burning attaining at last the crispness of a "well baked partridge." This dry heat acted also upon the provisions: dates became like pebbles of jasper, and when he asked for bread he was given a stone. The greatest of African travelers, David Livingstone, tells how the hot wind of the Kalahari desert warped every wooden thing not made in the country, shrinking the best seasoned English boxes and furniture.

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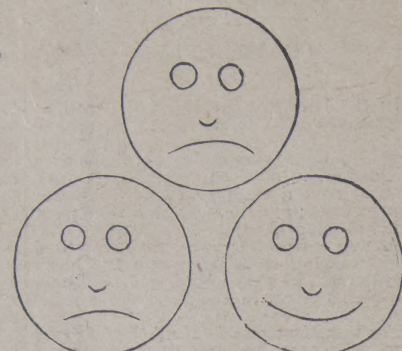
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